



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Some people love dogs, others flowers; I am particularly fond of trees. I think if I could have a peculiarly big dog or large bed of flowers I could interest myself in them, but within the range of inexpensive fads I find trees the easiest to interest myself in. I can claim to have planted thousands of trees and I have seen them grow up, and nothing angers me more than to see one of these trees mutilated, or in fact to see any tree mutilated; I can echo the cry of "Woodman, spare the tree," and often indeed have I written asking mercy to be shown to the forests and forethought to be exhibited in the planting of trees. In Toronto much tree planting has been done. Our streets are becoming avenues of foliage in the summer time and they are one of the beauties of Toronto. In Canada the small boy seems to be uninstructed as to the rights of trees and flowers and appears to be the natural enemy of adornment, but I have discovered two other more deadly enemies, the Telephone and Electric Light Companies. Without claiming to be extraordinarily sentimental I suffered with the big trees whose roots were being chopped to permit the pipes containing the wires to pass under them. Sometimes considerable care was being taken, but much depended on the gang who were doing the work; in other places the roots of the trees seemed to be mutilated as mercilessly as an Indian would chop up the legs of an enemy.

For ten years I watched the growth of some graceful elms which shade the corner on which I live. Two or three years ago I woke up one morning to find the branches of the tallest and most beautiful of the trees chopped off in order that telephone wires might pass unobstructed. Every man who has a dog knows how he hates to have him kicked or poisoned; every parent knows the anger resulting from having a child abused; I felt the rage of both, but it was too late to make complaint. The big elm and the smaller ones have been struggling against the insult of a few years ago and the wires are again being surrounded by foliage, though the larger elm can say, and it does say when it whispers in the wind, "The grace of other years will never come back to me." Fearing further mutilation I wrote to the manager of the Telephone Company and asked him to spare the trees, and suggested that it could be done for the present at least by putting in higher poles or changing the direction of the wires. I had a very courteous reply, saying that within a few months both the poles and wires will be taken down. Now I am suffering for fear it will be the roots which must bleed. If the City Council has any regard for our trees—and they are amongst the finest ornaments of Toronto—let them say where these wires are to be laid. There are thousands of citizens who have planted and watered trees, who have trimmed and cared for them, who have driven the destructive small boy out of their branches and prevented mischievous urchins from peeling them for "slippery elm bark," and they deserve protection.

I am not lacking in gratitude towards the manager of the Telephone Company, yet I am only one of thousands who are watching their trees. They are a part of the value of the lot; they help make the home; we see them when we look out of our windows in the morning; we hear the rustle of their leaves when we lie abed nights. I feel willing to take a shot-gun to anyone who destroys those trees. Are we to be discouraged in our affection for these beautifiers of the street? Are we to be rebuked for having spent affection on that which affords shade to all our fellow-citizens? Is it not one of the most generous impulses which we have, this caring for something of which we are not proprietors but in which we only share? If so, the city, the Telephone and Electric Light Companies and all those concerned should assist in preserving the trees. I would rather have the stone pavement torn up and pay for the trenches under it than have the roots of my well loved trees chopped off. Are we to be permitted to select the course of these pipes? I have between a hundred and fifty and two hundred feet of trees, lovely trees. Am I to have a chance, even by the payment of a reasonable sum, to preserve their branches and their roots from the axe? I know I speak for thousands of others. I hope the Commissioner of Parks and Gardens will interest himself and some provision be made for the protection of what we have loved and cared for so long.

The man who wantonly wounds or destroys a tree is not much less a vandal in my eyes than he who tears a leaf out of his bible to light his pipe. In my childhood I was taught that anyone who willfully destroyed a leaf of the bible was in danger of eternal damnation, and that he who broke or disfigured a tree was in a very little better fix. Everywhere in scripture the tree seems to be the emblem of life and beauty. There was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the tree of life, and trees have shadowed prophets, poets and kings, and in the great world to come where the tree of life is "ever blooming" those who come up for judgment will, I imagine, sometimes be accused of destroying God's trees. There are amongst the voices which speak to us. As "day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge," it is the boughs of the trees and the whisperings of their bending tops which give music and rhythm to the voices of day and night and to the shoutings of the storms. I have lain under trees when a

bare-footed boy and watched the fluttering of the leaves; I have camped under them in forests and by great streams; they have stood sentry by my little camp on the mountains and I have seen the sun rise and tip their tops with golden light, and I have seen the first breeze of the morning move them in their matins. I love the trees, and every dead tree on our street is a genuine grief not only to myself but to every other lover of these signs of home life and love of nature which are already beginning to distinguish Toronto from meaner cities. The city and the corporations under the control of the city should do something to protect and to foster the tree industry in Toronto.

A good deal of fun has been poked at J. Enoch Thompson, Vice Consul of Spain, on account of his anxiety to bring the Spanish caravels to Toronto. Newspaper wit is sometimes a cheap sort of thing, and that variety of it which

anything; the way to get there is to do nothing. There is no danger of Vice-Consul Thompson capturing the public eye by having prevailed upon the Spanish caravels to stop in our port. He has lived here too long to imagine that to be the proper procedure to become solid. He should get in the City Council; call his conferees pups and liars, as Mack remarked last week; vote every different way that is possible; make the taxes exorbitant and abuse his conferees for having done it; make promises on the hustings next year that he will never do it again, and he will imbed himself as deep in the heart of the public as a clam in the bottom of Ashbridge's Bay.

The newspapers, though, should be a size larger than the aldermen. They are not, however. They would rather enjoy a cheap joke at somebody's expense than assist in a praiseworthy enterprise. The evening rag-pickers apparently want nothing but dirt and an

ought to drown itself in Ashbridge's Bay.

While disliking the task of speaking evil of those in my own craft, what are the Toronto papers doing to clean up this mob of wind-gulpers? What are they doing to stay the bray of the wild ass who is snuffing up the east wind in the City Hall? True, they are urging the Mayor to go on with the public works and in the same breath rebuking him for fobbing public documents and acting as if he were the entire government of the city. They are to blame for the condition of affairs, the dirty sectarianism and low partisanship, the petty jealousy and personal antagonism, no better example of which could be quoted than the jeers that Vice-Consul Thompson has had to suffer, though he did something for Toronto in bringing the caravels here. Mr. Thompson may not be a man who deserves wide popularity or permanent popularity, but every man deserves recognition,

our city a little more attractive no criticism would be offered.

The *Telegram* and *World* have had a nice joyous interview with one another, each showing the other to have engaged in disreputable, dirty and indefensible personalities. The court is no doubt willing to accept their apologies, but until they both apologize to the public they should have no reasonable hope of being thought anything but blackguards. It is to be hoped they have discouraged one another in blackguardism by beginning to threaten, as the *World* has done, a series of libel suits. What they think of one another is of no interest to the public. If they will now be kind enough to keep away from the dirt which has caused each of them trouble, it will be a relief to their readers. They have succeeded in exposing one another as defamers of character; it seems a good time for both of them to go out of the business.

Of all the silly things that have been said in favor of Sunday street cars, the choicest aggregation of weak rubbish was offered by Bro. W. H. Howland, who claimed that no vote should be taken in the summer time because all the preachers and teachers and faddists in the town were away on their holidays. One of the cleverest editorials I have ever seen in the *World* appeared on this subject, and pointed out that Bro. Howland appreciated the fact that the principal opponents of Sunday cars were those able to have a holiday and the principal supporters were men who had to stay in the city all the year round hustling for a living. It is very true that the pulpsters and ultra pious people are not those who need the cars; they can go to the seaside and escape the sultry summer not only on Sunday but on week days. Like his Don Improvement scheme and everything else that he has ever touched, not excluding the Central Bank liquidation, Bro. Howland forgets everybody but himself and the little clique surrounding him, which he supposes to be the world. However, if we are to have an absolutely quiet Sunday, stop the milk wagons, stop the pedestrians, and by all means stop the private carriages. If our maid-servants and our man-servants, and the horse and the ass are to be stopped, see that nothing is hitched up and watch that Bro. Howland does not get out of his house.

The cases against the pool rooms failed. I am sorry for this, because I think the pool rooms are a crying evil. B. B. Osler's cross-examination of Inspector Archibald, however, was exceedingly funny. The lawyer wanted to know what the inspector of morality had on his list under the heading of "legitimate amusement." Remembering the fulminations of Rev. J. McD. Kerr, he dared not mention a single diversion as not being unholy. Of course such an attitude must mean defeat in any sensible court. Mr. Osler suggested that crooning over the grave of a relative was the only diversion left for mankind under the Archibaldian theory, and really what else can we find as the residue after the Ministerial Association has had its round-up? I respectfully submit to them that next week they discuss the philosophical, social, mental and moral results of chewing gum. If we are to have all our habits catalogued as vicious or otherwise, there is no reason why chewing gum should not be looked after; it is a prevalent and unintellectual amusement. There is no reason why an immoral effect should not be found and tutti frutti put under the ban.

As to the pool rooms themselves, they are a bad lot, but evils of this sort cannot be cured by police espionage. If the laws are not sufficient, make new laws. We cannot obtain public chastity by the spy system. It is more demoralizing than the evil which is sought to be cured by it said. There are already enough elements in our social, municipal and political system to produce sneaks, spies and informers; they are the vermin of humanity. Might not Inspector Archibald ruminate for a few hours on the result of sneakery and decide on some policy whereby the citizens of this country can pursue their reasonable inclinations—inclinations considered legitimate elsewhere—without becoming back-door dodgers and side-entrance sneaks? It must not be forgotten that a nation cannot afford to eradicate manliness and virility from its list of virtues. Everything which tends to produce hypocrisy, sneaks, impostors, liars, perjurers, is without doubt a greater evil than any offensive institution.

The Grit convention was unexpectedly successful both in point of numbers and in the harmony of those assembled. The hands of managing men suppressed the discordant elements and the personality of a really great leader gave tone to the concern. It would not surprise me to see Laurier win the next general election; not that the Grit party is possessed of any principle which will not be sacrificed, or, in fact, any principle which will have a controlling influence. The Conservative Government has shown itself weak in its personnel and its proceedings. D'Alton McCarthy is a disturber and his disturbance of the sort that is not unlikely to help win Ontario on behalf of Mr. Meredith. It seems a sort of rash suggestion that the powerful Government in Ottawa may be overthrown by Mr. Laurier, and the still more powerful Government in Ontario may be captured by Mr. Meredith, yet in the history of the country we are ripe for some such change. Protestantism, though it is not Mr. Meredith's platform, will play a large part in the settlement of our next Provincial election. The



PORTRAIT OF A TORONTO LADY.

BY J. COLIN FORBES.

finds a victim in the man who is doing his duty is of an exceedingly cheap and nasty sort. If we are to judge by the jokes poked by some of the daily papers at Vice-Consul Thompson, the man best suited to fill an official or semi-official position in Toronto is one who will do nothing, try to do nothing, either for the profit or entertainment of the people. If their standard be accepted a Jay alderman who will vote against sectarian grants to hospitals one day and thereby become solid with the Protestants, vote in favor of them next day and thereby become solid with the Catholics, and then vote to refer the whole question to a committee next day and thereby relieve himself of responsibility, is the proper kind of a mohawk to wave his feathers in our streets. I only give this as a sample of how a man finds it necessary to popularize himself here. To be an absolute, complete and beautiful Jay is all that is necessary. A man who has anything that he would like to do for the good of the city should keep still. The aldermen suspect everybody who has anything to produce except a few zillions of wind; they feel that a man who does anything is liable to become popular. But they need not fret themselves; popularity is not reached in Toronto by doing anything or trying to do

excuse to abuse those who are endeavoring to do something. Why should they be so intensely amused over Mr. Thompson's attempt to bring the caravels to Toronto? Even if he had brought them here as a speculation it would have been a good scheme. If we can have one of the most attractive features of the Chicago Exhibition at our own harbor why not have it? Why should it not have been advertised? There is no reason except that our City Council is composed largely of a lot of dunghills; they are unfit to take charge of our affairs; their methods are easily summarized in the tax rate; their motives can be seen by the wayfarer man, even if he is a fool, if he reads their votes on every side of every question. There is no controlling principle in the gang. I do not deny that there are a few men there who have, or ought to have, some principles; there are a very few who show some attachment to principle, but they are as a rule a bouquet of swamp blossoms, an exhibit of Canada thistles, of mustard plants picked off a common enriched with old cans, broken wagons and the refuse of back yards. I was overjoyed while fishing last week to see Mack speak the truth of these pestilent fellows who have neither brains nor gizzards. If they are a sample of Toronto's best intelligence the city

support and admiration who does any solitary thing for Toronto. If a good thing be proposed for the city by any man, angel or devil, let him be praised; let his efforts meet with recognition; let the best be made out of it for the city. By this I do not suggest that Mr. Thompson has anything against him. He has fought high taxes, he is a large taxpayer and pays his debts, is socially generous and does more than the average man. We have no right to examine him at all, but if we examine him thus far we find that he has done more than some of the journalistic babies who are making a noise about him. I am not defending him personally, because it is none of my funeral, but I am much annoyed at the low tone of some of the ten-dollar-a-week newspaper things who imagine their task is to be funny, and these are they who make up the crown of brass of some of the newspapers.

SATURDAY NIGHT has won no favor in newspaper circles by taking the attitude of denouncing the cheap John features of daily journalism. If the daily papers would show better taste by leaving out the names of men who by the accident of official position can do something for Toronto, or by reason of enterprise, personal popularity or energy can make

United Catholicism—French and Irish—is apt to play a large part in the next Dominion election. Tarte and Mercier are preparing the way in Quebec; McCarthy will do little to elect or defeat the Dominion Government in Ontario, but he will do much, unless he takes special pains to avoid it, towards strengthening Mr. Meredith, who is neither a bigot nor a fibber, yet who has strenuously refused to modify the sentiments he expressed when last he appealed to the country. The same influences which tend towards a Grit administration in Ottawa indicate a Conservative re-action in Ontario. The Dominion Government traded off Mr. Meredith in half a score of cases. There will be no such trading next time, but the majority of the electors have a belief that while the Conservatives are in power in Ottawa it would be wise to have Grits in power in the provinces. If there be any feeling that the Grits are about to have power in the Dominion, there is no reason why the sentiment should not prevail that Conservatives should have something to say in the provinces. In this way both governments may be re-organized and possibly much good may result. As far as I am concerned, I would rather see W. R. Meredith successful in Ontario than Sir John Thompson in Ottawa. This I say without prejudice, though I would like to see both of them successful. I do not believe that the Ottawa Government is either loyal or favorable to Mr. Meredith. If not, I am neither loyal nor favorable to them, and I am not alone in Ontario. Next year we are going to fight our fight on our own fighting grounds, where we will not fight to lose. If in Ontario Mr. Meredith's friends choose their battle-fields and their battle-cries and go in to win, they will win, and it seems to me that this is pretty near what they are going to do.

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$18 00
R. S. W., Godefrich.....	1 00
F. M. ....	4 00
M. J. A. ....	1 00
Bert (the fine paid by a practical J. ker).....	5 00
Total.....	\$29 00

DON.

### Social and Personal.

Last Tuesday was a busy and interesting day for the society folk of Toronto. The visit of the Spanish caravels was the occasion of various interesting festivities, and the elite, who "all love Jack," gave the sailor officers a welcome which delighted and surprised them. Commander Concas was outspoken in his appreciation and gratitude, and made complimentary contrast between the conduct of the swarms of visitors to the Santa Maria in Toronto bay and the horde of people who invaded the curious vessel at Charlotte and whose visit was marked by sundry shortages of honesty and courtesy. The antique groups of arms suffered severely, no less than seven of the weapons having been stolen on that occasion. Government House, with its gracious and popular master and mistress, was the scene of a pleasant luncheon party, after which the hosts and their guests crossed to the Santa Maria and thence to the Yacht Club lawn, where a lovely assembly of people awaited their coming. They arrived about six o'clock at the Yacht Club House, accompanied by Chevalier, Mrs. and the Misses Thompson, the band of the Royal Grenadiers playing the Spanish and other national anthems. Commander Bissell received the visitors on the dock and escorted them to the Club House, where a dainty lunch was served. The lovely evening, the interesting guests and the bright and merry crowd of gallant men and dainty women combined to form a pleasure long to be remembered by those who were present. In the evening, Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson gave a reception to the officers, at which a brilliant and representative assembly of social, artistic and literary circles was present. The reception, drawing and dining rooms were thrown open, and speedily filled with the elite of the city. Mrs. Thompson received in a very elegant gown of black net lace, with a Spanish jacket of black velvet bordered with gold braid. The Misses Thompson and Miss Louise Brown of Montreal were in white, and carried bouquets tied with the Spanish colors, red and gold. Several of the guests also wore knots of ribbon in the same colors. Refreshments were served in a large marquee on the south lawn, in a most elegant and dainty profusion, and the grounds were lighted softly with pretty and manifold Chinese lanterns. About eleven o'clock, when the full moon shone out upon the fairy scene, it was as picturesque and charming as could be desired, and crowds of people gathered outside to enjoy the effect. The orchestra played on the broad south piazza, from which a flight of steps leads to the lawn. Some very rich and elegant gowns were worn: Mrs. Kirkpatrick's gown of white and gold brocade; Mrs. Warrington's costume of canary and black was much admired; Mrs. Henry Cawthra was sumptuously gowned in yellow brocade; Mrs. Nordheimer wore white and yellow; Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara was elegantly attired in white satin brocade; Mrs. Auguste Bolte looked charming in pale blue. Among the many present I noticed: Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Sir Donald Fitzroy Maclean, Capt. Victor M. Concas, Lieut. J. de G. Sobral, Lieut. Pedro Vazquez, Lieut. L. B. Berdejo, his Worship the Mayor, Chevalier Gannell, Italian Consul, and Mrs. Gannell, Mr. S. Nordheimer, German Consul, and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. A. Bolte, French Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Bolte, Lt.-Col. Shaw, Hawaiian Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. G. Munson, Vice-Consul of Brazil, Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder, United States Vice-Consul, Commodore and Mrs. Boswell, the Misses Ferguson, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Follingsby, Misses Sidley, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grantham, Mrs. L. T. Warrington of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Jones, Dr. Strange, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Thompson, Rev. and Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Riggar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alley, Mr. Alan Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. W. Lount, Q. C., Mr. and

Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. B. and Miss Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Band, Dr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Laing, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mr. H. E. Caston, Rev. Dr. Whitelaw of Glasgow, Mr. T. L. Thompson, Mrs. Farrar and Miss Hornbrook, Miss Louise Brown of Montreal, Mr. H. Hart, Miss S. Tully, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. Arthur Grantham, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Dinstan, Capt. Heath, Signor Delasco, Mr. C. Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Chopitea, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bull, Rev. T. C. Mrs. and Miss DesBarres. Among those who accepted invitations but were prevented from attending were: His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Sir W. P. Howland, and Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. Capt. Concas and his officers returned to their vessels at one o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the Spanish Vice-Consul. On Wednesday morning they took carriages from Port Dalhousie to Niagara Falls and visited all the points of interest. Mr. Thompson acting as guide. They took the new Electric Railway from Clifton to Chippawa. This was a most enjoyable part of the trip, the Electric road giving a fine view of the falls, rapids, whirlpool, and all parts of the river. The next and only stopping-place of the caravels before reaching Chicago will be Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox left on Thursday for England.

Miss Helen Lays will spend the summer at Murray Bay.

Miss C. Hall of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Dineen of Center Island.

Mrs. Chas. and Miss Olive Likens of Marlborough avenue left last week for Ottawa, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Cornish, Cliff street.

Rev. Prof. Clark left this week for New York to take charge of Dr. Rainford's church during July.

Rev. Mr. Benson leaves for Algoma in July.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano, left town this week for a concert tour to the Pacific coast.

Dr. W. H. Pepler has returned to Toronto from Baltimore.

Dr. Courtney, bishop of Nova Scotia, preached in St. George's church last Sunday evening, and at Trinity Convocation service.

Dr. Garrett, bishop of Northern Texas, is on a visit to this city and is a guest of Mr. Wm. Laidlaw, Q. C.

Dr. J. B. Hall returned from Elgin, Ill., last week. He is better, but intends going to the seaside very soon.

Prof. Charles Gomfesty, one of the professors of San Francisco University, has been visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., is building a residence in Rosedale.

Toronto visitors that have registered at Chicago in the office of the Ontario Commissioner, Mr. N. Awrey, M.P.P., during the past ten days are: Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Miss Walker, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mr. A. B. Lee, Miss M. E. Lee, Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mr. C. D. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. H. C. Cox, Prof. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. F. X. Cousineau, Mr. B. Shea, Miss A. Rogers, Mr. B. L. Riordan, Mr. J. L. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Walker, Mr. T. B. Maclean, Mrs. S. Gowanlock, Mr. Jas. Lobb, Misses McL. Howard, Dr. Chamberlain, Mr. Harry Piper, Mr. A. J. Read, Dr. D. Clark, Miss Agnes May Dow, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, F.C.A., D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Cameron and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, and Mr. S. H. Fleming.

Broadway Tabernacle was the scene of a very pretty and interesting ceremony on Wednesday evening, June 21, which attracted a large number of young people of the West End, when Rev. John Philip united in the bonds of holy matrimony, Miss Lillie Slemin to J. C. McGuigan of Cedar Springs. Of course brides always look lovely, but this bride looked the very impersonation of dainty sweetness. She wore an exquisite gown of cream bengaline richly trimmed with Irish point lace, with a spray of orange blossom in her hair, and carried a bunch of white roses. The bride was attended by Miss Bertha Miles and Miss Nellie Gibson, who wore pretty pink gowns trimmed with cream lace, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. H. D. Smith was best man, and Mr. J. H. Bissell and Mr. Fred Skill acted as ushers. After the service was over Mrs. Slemin, mother of the bride, entertained her guests at 43 Robert street to a most recherche breakfast, and the beautiful display of presents was greatly admired. The young couple left at 11 o'clock p.m. for their future home in Cedar Springs, amidst a shower of rice and good wishes. The guests were: Mr. Jas. Baty, Q.C., and Mrs. Baty, Mr. S. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slemin, Mrs. Alex. Slemin, Mr. and Mrs. T. Miles, Miss Bertha Miles, Mr. Fred Miles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. and Miss Gibson, Mr. H. D. Smith, Mr. T. Wardell, Mr. H. D. McKellar, Dr. F. E. Bowie, Mr. J. H. Bissell, Mr. Fred Skill, Mr. M. J. Craig, Mr. Coburn, Mr. F. Kennedy, Mr. A. M. Westwood, Master Fred Slemin, and Master Edis Slemin. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Robert Slemin.

A very interesting event took place on Friday evening, June 23, in the exercises of the graduating class of Moulton College. Bloor street Baptist church was crowded with ladies and gentlemen interested in the work of the college and in the pupils individually. The graduating class was composed of: Misses Crane, Holmes, Sheridan and Wilkes of Toronto, Jeffrey of London, Edwards of Thurso, Quebec, Johnson of Batavia, N. Y., Van Zile of St. John, N. B., and Wolverson of Grimsby. From the musical

course: Misses Johnson of Seaford, Lailey of Toronto, Porter of Brantford, Van Etten of Winnipeg and Wilson of New Westminster, B.C., were graduates. Misses Johnson, Sheridan, Jeffrey and Wilkes read essays, Misses Smart and Millicamp sang, and with two choruses these numbers composed a very attractive programme. The pastor of the church presented the diploma, and Miss Smiley, the sweet-faced lady principal, occupied a chair on the platform. The graduates looked fresh and pretty in their simple white frocks. A male critic near me was very much pleased with the matter and delivery of Miss Sheridan's essay on The English Laurel. The fair essayist is a winsome little lady, and looked extremely bright and bonnie "with a rose in her hair," as the old song goes. Miss Wilkes is another fair and gentle girl, whose sketch of D. borah and Joan of Arc was a very interesting effort. The programme was not lengthy but was noticeably well rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray have been taking a look at the World's Fair.

Miss Louise Brown of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Lyman Jones for several days, has returned home.

Mrs. Arthur H. Murray will receive at her mother's residence, 45 St. George street, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyas of Pine Lodge, Center Island, celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage on Thursday evening of last week by giving an At Home. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Will G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lyngdin, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Sewell.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the talented organist of the Carlton street Methodist church, one of Mr. A. S. Vogt's most promising pupils, was awarded the gold medal in a competition between students of the organ department of the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday last.

Among the arrivals on the Teutonic last week was Mrs. Alexander Cameron's charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ward, and children, who live in Paris. Lieut. Hugel of the Royal Engineers, Calcutta, who is on a year's leave, was also expected, but stayed in England to regain his health at the seaside. His many friends in Canada hope to give him a hearty welcome a few months later.

Mrs. P. D. Armstrong is at Preston Springs with her daughter, whose health has been delicate.

A very pretty wedding took place at an early hour on Monday morning at St. Mary's church, the contracting parties being Miss Kittie Maskell, daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Maskell of Chicago, and Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of this city. Rev. Father Grogan, assisted by Rev. Father Cruise, performed the ceremony. The bride was tastefully attired in a fawn traveling costume. She was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Maskell. The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents. After the breakfast the bridal couple left for Buffalo and the East.

Convocation at Trinity on Tuesday afternoon was well attended, although there were many other attractions in different parts of the city at the same time. After the degrees had been conferred, interesting addresses were given by His Lordship Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia, the Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. Mr. Pearson and others. After the proceedings were over in the college, dainty refreshments were served on the lawn to a large number of ladies, the professors, clergy and students. Among those present I noticed: The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mrs. and Miss Courtney, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Chancellor and Mrs. Allen, Judge and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Osler, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Miss E. hel Langtry, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Patteson of St. Hilda's, and young ladies, Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Miss Victoria and Miss B. Mason, Dean Rigby, Prof. Clark, the Rev. Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Mynard, Rev. F. G. and Miss Plummer, Miss Z. Shortt, Prof. Edward and Mrs. Cayley, Rev. Canon and Miss Tremayne, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Playter, Rev. Mr. Broughall, Mr. and Mrs. Hedley, Mr. Dwyer and others.

The little bird said, That a pretty Toronto girl has broken several hearts at Niagara. That Montreal might do without Miss Brown a little longer for the pleasure of her Toronto friends. That if you haven't a pique or dimity or holland skirt and jacket you'd better get one. That Mrs. and Miss Chopitea's fluent Spanish delighted the officers of the caravels. That it is not necessary to shout English in order that foreigners may understand it. That Colonel Pope was missed at the reception on Tuesday, he being at Yale to visit his son.

Mrs. Lyman Jones entertained over thirty "buds," who are still school-girls, by kind permission of the Misses Dupont, one afternoon recently. No one but school-girls could get such enjoyment from the pretty tea in arbor and lawn and the after-supper chat under the noble trees of Mrs. Jones' garden. A dance in the music-room finished the loveliest outing imaginable, and with many sighs over the flight of time the young ladies returned home. The Misses Dupont were of the party.

A merry party of boaters posed for a photograph on the placid bosom of the Humber one day last week. The camera flend focused them, and everything was ready when unfortunately the treacherous bank gave way, and the photographer and his camera slid into the aqueous trap.

Miss Fraleigh of Manning avenue is spending the summer at Bloomfield, P. E. County.

Picnics and excursions are the things for the next two months. The man of law is the man of leisure; the summer girl, whose get-up this year is marked by unusual daintiness and simplicity, cultivates elegant attitudes and ham

mock, poses and develops a love for ice cream and moonlight.

Mr. D. A. McKellar, artist, of New York, spent a few days among his friends here last week and left for Pontetangulshene, where he spends the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Armstrong have returned home from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends on Thursday and Friday, July 6 and 7, at 194 Bloor street west.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson and family, of Grange avenue, have gone to Muskoka for the summer.

Mrs. W. G. Wilson and daughter, of 286 Seaton street, have gone on a visit to Chicago.

Grace church, Elm street, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday evening last, it being the occasion of the marriage of Mr. A. W. Van de Carr of Woodstock to Miss B. A. Knowles of Toronto. The bridesmaids were Misses Ethel and Irene Knowles, sisters of the bride. Dr. A. McKay was groomsmen. Mr. H. A. Knowles, father of the bride, gave her away. The bride was tastefully arrayed in cream clarette, trimmed with silk and pearls. The bridesmaids were both dressed in pink and white. Handsome bouquets of white and pink roses adorned the bridal party. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. P. Lewis, assisted by Rev. J. G. Lewis, the wedding reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, Church street. Mr. and Mrs. Van de Carr left on the eleven p.m. train, amid showers of rice and good wishes, for their future home in Buffalo. The bridal presents were very pretty and there were many of them.

Ahmed Rehid Bey of Beyrout and Constantinople, inspector general of agriculture for Syria under his imperial majesty the Sultan of Turkey, has been staying in Toronto during the past ten days, and is the guest of Sheriff Widdifield of St. George street. The Bey is a young man of marked ability, fine culture and progressive ideas. Though loyal to his sovereign, the Sultan, he is nevertheless a thorough democrat in principle. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Turkey, the title of Bey having been hereditary in it for several hundred years. His father is at the present time Prefect of Constantinople. Sheriff Widdifield visited the East last year and while in Syria made the acquaintance of Rehid Bey, to whom he was indebted for many courtesies. The sheriff has been showing his friend the public institutions and buildings of Toronto as well as the natural beauties of the city and its environs, and on Monday they together paid a visit to the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph, where they were hospitably entertained by Dr. Mills, the president. The Bey was greatly interested in the institution, and thoroughly inspected its every department. He likes Canada very much, and is particularly pleased with Toronto, which he says is the finest city he has seen since he came to America. He is on his way to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

Chevalier Alonzo M. Viti, Italian Consul at Philadelphia, is in the city on a short visit. Chevalier Gianelli entertained him and the Spanish Consul at lunch at the Albany Club on Thursday.

The Hon. Mary Cecilia Fairfax of Maryland is the guest of Miss Maude C. Chappell of Sherbourne street.

The Wednesday afternoon receptions at Government House are discontinued until October.

A strawberry festival and promenade concert in aid of Grace Hospital (Homeopathic) is on the tapis for Tuesday evening, July 4, in the Granite Rink. The price of the tickets being but a trifle and the object such a worthy one, a large attendance is hoped for. The Queen's Own will discourse sweet music.

Miss Gilmour, Miss Yayton and Miss Moselle Clements intend spending a few days next week in Dundas. They will be the guests of Mrs. D. Lambert.

On Wednesday, June 28, Mr. Charles W. Kerr, B.A., barrister, of Messrs. Bain, Laidlaw & Kappelle, was married at Hamilton to Miss Maude Stobbs, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Stobbs. They will visit Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay, and will be at home at 75 Prince Arthur avenue on and after October 2.

Dr. Robert Archibald MacArthur of 400 Bloor street west has just been appointed surgeon to the C. P. R. steamship, Empress of China, Continued on Page Eleven.



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Chamois Gloves in 4 button and Mosquetiere.  
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We have just received and opened up another shipment of White China for decorating. This time VASES and JARDINERES.

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**NEW THIS SEASON** Ladies' Wine Russia Lace boots. Tan, Oxford Ties and lace boots, the very latest from New York. Call and see them at  
**AMERICAN SHOE STORE**  
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## Out of Town.

## Stratford.

Although, generally, trade is quite flat around here, yet business men who have specialties, such as issuing marriage licenses, have been hustling to keep up with the demand. Among the principal events of the kind were: McCutcheon-Lupton. On June 21, by Rev. J. W. Holmes, at the residence of her father, Mr. William Lupton, Douro street, Miss Louise to Mr. Simeon McCutcheon. The bride was attired in pale blue silk *en train* and carried white roses. She was supported by Miss A. Dugman, who wore fawn Henrietta and pink roses. Mr. McCutcheon was engineered through by Mr. A. Tilly of Trinity Methodist church, Toronto. Miss Lupton was an active member of the Central Methodist church and prominent in its Epworth league, a teacher in the Sunday school and member of the church choir. Mr. McCutcheon was, up to this spring, employed as clerk in the G.T.R. offices here, but is now in a similar position in Toronto. Prior to his removal from this city he was the able and energetic captain of the Stratford Lacrosse Club.

Hay-Marshall.—On June 20, at Glenafon, the residence of Mr. W. R. Marshall of this city, by the Rev. J. P. Gerrie, assisted by Mr. Mason of McGill University, Montreal, Miss Alfie Marshall was made one with Mr. R. Russes Hay of Listowel, son of Mr. D. D. Hay, Registrar of the north riding of Perth. The marriage and wedding dinner took place on the lawn, after which the happy couple left for their home in Listowel, from where they will soon take a trip via Owen Sound to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Hay were supported respectively by Mr. Warren Hay and Miss G. Marshall. The wedding march was played by Mrs. F. Scarff.

Kay—Dickson.—Mr. A. M. Kay, assistant postmaster, has been absent from the city long enough to create suspicion, which led to investigation, when it was discovered that he was taking to himself a partner in the person of Miss Dickson, daughter of the postmaster of Goderich. Such is Mr. Kay's popularity that there are probably not five people in Stratford who do not wish him every happiness.

Neill—Young.—Mr. R. R. Neill of the G.T.R. Mechanical Department has been married to Miss Young of Toronto. Before his departure for Toronto his fellow members of St. James' church choir presented him with a very handsome china set. Mr. Clarence Young made the presentation and Messrs. Wade and Aherns and Mrs. K. Smith made speeches, after which those present repaired to the handsome residence of Mrs. Smith, where an enjoyable supper was served.

Rev. D. Williams of St. James' church attended the Huron Synod at London last week.

Rev. P. Wright and son, of Portage la Prairie, and formerly of this city, are visiting friends here.

Rev. P. McF. McLeod, formerly of Stratford, is visiting here and preached in Knox church a week ago.

Rev. E. W. Panten has been absent at the General Assembly meeting at Brantford.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Holmes, who is leaving the city for Clinton, met at his residence, Huron street, on the evening of June 20 and presented him with an address and purse, and Mrs. Holmes with a handsome clock.

The Oddfellows will hold their annual decoration day on July first.

## QUILLDRIVER.

## Belleville and Massasauga Park

Mr. W. B. Northrup, M.P., and his charming wife gave a most pleasant party on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. Northrup's sister, Miss Stella Proctor of Brighton. Miss Proctor is a lovely girl, and during her stay here has made hosts of friends. The residence was prettily decorated with banks of flowers, while the large and beautiful grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and afforded the guests a cool and pleasant retreat for a *te-te*. The first prizes were won by Colonel and Mrs. Lazier, a handsome inlaid tobacco jar for the gentleman and a dainty jewel case for the lady. Among the guests were: Colonel and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mrs. Litch, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington of Montreal, Miss May Warrington of England, Miss M. McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Miss Starling, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lazier, and Messrs. Doumoull, Laidlaw, Hope and Mayor Wallbridge. Mrs. Northrup wore an elegant blue and white silk; Miss Proctor wore a dainty gown of cream silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Farley was charming in a pink frock; Mrs. Hamilton, black silk; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier wore a lovely gown of white and mauve, as did also Miss Annie Wallbridge; Mrs. Litch, black silk with pink bodice; Mrs. Caldwell was becomingly attired in an elegant yellow silk gown; Mrs. John Warrington looked lovely in white silk; Mrs. Fred Warrington was clad in simple but graceful black silk; Miss McShane was very girlish in green chiffon with moss green velvet trimmings; Miss Warrington wore a handsome gown of white silk and white lace; Mrs. Grant was charming in her bridal dress of ivory white satin; Mrs. Corby was stately in black silk, while Mrs. Phillips looked lovely in an exquisite gown of pink silk with trimmings of rare old lace and gold passementerie.

Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips gave another At Home on Monday of last week. It is needless to say anything in regard to her beautiful home and entertainments, for all know Mrs. Phillips is a lavish entertainer and does everything on a magnificent scale. On Monday evening dancing, whist and *pedro* formed the pleasures of the evening. The invited guests were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Miss Warrington of England, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Mrs. Casey, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Miss Biggar, Miss Wragge, Mrs. John Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington of Montreal, Miss Sisson, Miss Hunterford, and Messrs. Denyes, Hope, Stewart, Doumoull, Dupuis, Wallbridge of Toronto, Frank Wallbridge, Harry Biggar, Morden, Gillen, Stephen Lazier, and Laidlaw. The charming hostess wore a pretty white silk gown trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Warring-

ton was superb in yellow silk with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Fred Warrington, a pretty black and white silk; Miss McShane was very daintily clad in white silk; Miss Warrington, white lace; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier, a rich costume of red and gray shot silk; Mrs. Caldwell, a magnificent gown of black grenadine embroidered in silver with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Northrup, an elegant gown of rose silk and white lace; Mrs. Lord, black silk and jet; Miss Proctor, white silk; Mrs. Casey, one of our handsome matrons, black lace and jet; Miss Biggar, white silk and lace; Miss Annie Wallbridge, white India silk; Miss Wragge looked sweet in cream silk with pink ribbons.

Mrs. Geo. Walker gave a pleasant dancing party on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Warrington and Miss McShane. The gracious hostess was assisted by her daughter, Miss Mabel. Those present were: Misses Wragge, Carre, Carman, Clarke, Stinson, Warrington, McShane, and Messrs. Dupuis, Stewart, Grange, Cutter, Lazier, Armstrong, Moore and Laidlaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby gave their friends two pleasant outings on their steam yacht Omata, on Monday and Thursday evenings of last week. A most enjoyable time was spent by the guests, as is always the rule at Mrs. Corby's entertainments. The party left the dock at half-past four, sailed up the bay for several miles and then made for Massasauga Park, where an excellent supper awaited them. After enjoying the beauties of the park, the party boarded the yacht and steamed down the bay to Northport before returning to the city. The invited guests at Monday's outing were: Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Clute, Mr. and Mrs. Pole, Miss Corby, Mrs. E. McMahon, Mr. Hignell, Mr. Wallbridge of Toronto, Misses Bessie, Helen and Lillie Kelso, Mr. H. Thompson, and Mr. Lucemoor. At Thursday's party were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. John Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington, Miss Warrington of England, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Thompson, Mrs. George of St. Paul, Miss Starling, and Messrs. Laidlaw, Stephen, Lazier, and Starling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Biggar returned from their wedding tour on June 21. Mrs. Biggar will be at home at her residence on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3, 4, and 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar are in Chicago. Before this edition of SATURDAY NIGHT reaches its many readers, Belleville will have lost one of its sweetest girls, Miss Edith Terrell, who, on Wednesday morning, June 28, in St. John's church, at half-past ten, will wed Dr. Foster of the Hamilton Insane Asylum. On the same day and at the same hour Miss Stella Taylor will become Mrs. Waters, but in this case we have not cause for regret, for Miss Taylor, after her wedding tour, will return to Belleville.

The many friends of Miss Clara Wallbridge will regret to hear of her serious illness.

Mrs. George Radick of Chatham and Mrs. Lafferty of Stirling are the guests of their brother, Mr. Thomas Downs of Forin street.

## June 26.

## BETSEY.

## Listowel.

The May Pole entertainment in the Rink, on Friday evening, June 16, was very successful. The rink was brilliantly decorated, the ladies and lassies taking part in the dancing and marching all looked charming, and the handsome costumes and bright colors gave a very picturesque effect. Miss Lorne Campbell, one of Listowel's favorite singers, took the part of the Queen, and in the course of the evening sang two very acceptable solos.

Mr. J. W. Scott was in attendance at the Liberal convention at Ottawa last week.

Miss Lucas of Markdale, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. E. Parke, returned home last week.

Miss Bowman is visiting in Toronto.

On June 20, at Glen Afton, Stratford, Mr. R. R. Hay, one of Listowel's successful young men, was married to one of Stratford's young ladies, Miss Alfie, daughter of Mr. Walter Marshall of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Hay will reside in Listowel, and have our best wishes for their happiness and success.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hay and Miss Grace Hay have returned to town after spending a couple of weeks enjoying the world's fair.

Mr. George Campbell, son of Mr. D. D. Campbell, was in town over Sunday.

On Monday, June 19, our gallant body of volunteers, No. 5 company of the 28th Battalion, went into camp at London, Captain Morphy in command and Sergeant Parks on hand.

Lawn Tennis is very popular here this season, and we have some good players.

## Chesley.

Mrs. Joseph Lawson was At Home to a number of her friends on Friday evening of last week, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Mrs. Lawson was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Carrie Ritchie. Among those present I noticed the following: Mrs. Goddard, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. D. Halliday, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Adolph, Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Bell. After a charming tea the guests participated in various amusements, including songs and recitations.

Miss Matrons and Mrs. (Dr.) Landierkin of Hanover were the guests of Mrs. D. M. Halliday for a few days recently.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Ella Biette entertained a number of her young friends. Dancing formed the chief amusement of the evening. Miss Biette was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Nellie McDonald, who looked charming, attired in cream delaine with rose silk trimmings; Miss McNaughton also looked well in pink crepon with silk facings; Miss Adams wore a heliotrope and cream gown with butterflies of lace, and shoulder bouquet of cream roses; Miss Halliday wore fawn and looked well; Miss Clara Halliday was a lovely picture in pure white; Miss Cooke wore a pretty dress of pale blue silk with trimmings of pearl passementerie. Among the young men present were: Mr. Stinson, Mr. Asbury, Mr. Downing, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Carter, Mr. Davis, Dr. Crowe, Dr. Scot, Mr. Ramago, Mr. Julian, and Mr. Mickle.

Mr. F. Asbury of the Dominion Bank, Brampton, is spending his vacation with his father, Rev. Mr. Asbury of Trinity church, Orto.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

## Building Sale

NOT in sports like the oasis of the desert, but all through this big store bargains are found in rich profusion like berries in an abundant season.

Beautiful Fine Fancy Prints, washable, 5c., regularly sold 10c.  
32 inch English Prints, fine quality, 7c., actual value 12c.  
Strainie Suitings cut to 20c., were 40c.  
Handsome Carded Little Hose, 20c., were 30c.  
Ladies' Cotton Hose, seamless, 2 pairs 5c.  
Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.  
Handsome Print Wrappers, \$1.25  
Beautiful Fannelllette Wrappers, \$2, were \$3.  
Waterproofs, ladies, 75c., were \$1.  
Children's Waterproofs, \$1.25.  
Ladies' Fancy Shot Silk, braided, pure silk, \$1.50, were \$2.  
Fancy Shot Silk, frills, leading colors, \$3.50, were \$4.50; \$4.50, were \$5.  
Men's Lisle Half Hose, 12c., were 25c.  
Men's Balbriggan Half Hose, 12c., were 20c.  
Men's Fine Cashmere Hose, 20c., were 30c.  
Men's Vaseline Shirts, starched collar and cuffs, 75c., were \$1.  
Ladies' Black Parasols, very special value, from 35c.  
Children's Fancy Parasols, 20c.  
Fancy Stripe Mullins, 6c., were 10c.  
Swiss Check, 7c., were 10c.  
Victoria Lawn, 42 in., 10c., 12c.  
Nainsook, Scotch, 36 in., 10c.  
Black Flouncings, with hem, 20c., were 35c.  
Plain Black Lawn, 54 in., 40c., were 60c.  
Ladies' Lingerie Gowns, 7 hooks, 75c., were \$1.  
Ladies' Fine Tulle Gloves, 25c.  
Ladies' Lisle Out Gloves, 25c.  
Now is the time to book your annual excursions to any of the above places; also Wilson, N. Y., Grimsby, etc. Special low rates to Churches and Sunday Schools. S. & S. before closing elsewhere.  
Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and at offices on Millroy's Wharf.

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UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES  
DOUBLE TRIPS  
Niagara Falls Line Steamers  
TAKE THE FAST STEAMER  
EMPRESS OF INDIA  
Daily from Millroy's Wharf, foot of Yonge street, at 7:50 a.m. and 3:15 p.m., for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Rochester, etc.  
Now is the time to book your annual excursions to any of the above places; also Wilson, N. Y., Grimsby, etc. Special low rates to Churches and Sunday Schools. S. & S. before closing elsewhere.  
Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and at offices on Millroy's Wharf.

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## 4 TRIPS DAILY

## CHICORA and CIBOLA

## COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 1

Will leave Goddard Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central, Michigan Central Railways and Niagara Falls Park and River Electric Road—the short route to Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points east.  
Tickets at all principal offices and on wharf.  
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FOUR TRIPS EACH WAY DAILY  
Leave TORONTO 7:30 and 11 a.m., and 2 and 4 p.m.  
Leave HAMILTON 7:45 and 10:45 a.m., 2:15 and 5:30 p.m.  
Calls at Oakville, weather permitting.  
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Saturday, 10th, Wednesday, 14th, at 2 p.m. and regular double trips daily on and after SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Extra trips in July and August. Low rates for EXCURSIONS AND PICNICS. Special pavilions, conveniences and privileges. Moor lights per GARDEN CITY arranged to this lovely resort. Secure dates. W. E. CORNELL, Mgr., 84 Church street. N.B.—Hotel open, \$5 and \$6 per week. Cottage to rent.

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## Steamer GREYHOUND

Commencing June 17, Millroy's Wharf, 10 a.m., 2 p.m.; from Park, 11:30 a.m., 7 p.m. Three and four trips daily in July and August.  
Fare round trip, including admission to Park .30  
Sheet of four round trips .90  
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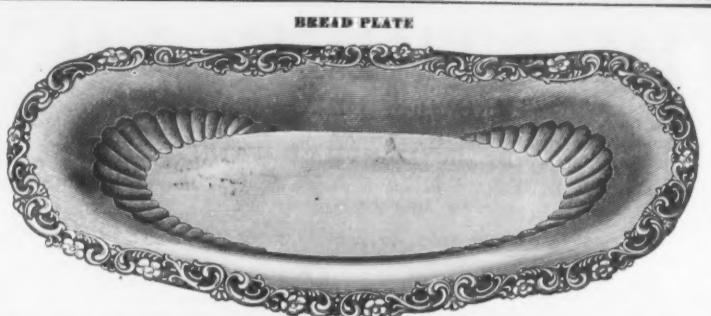
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The Dressmaking Department under my own supervision.

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Fashionable Natural Curly Fringes and Bangs

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# THE TIGER LILY

## THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson of Dumford," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &amp;c., &amp;c.

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## CHAPTER XV.

Dale's hands trembled, and there were feverish marks in his cheeks as he dressed next morning, and then walked into his sitting-room and rang.

The breakfast things were laid, and in a few minutes Keren-Happuch came through the studio with her coffee and toast, and an hour later without daring to speak to him she bore the almost untouched breakfast away.

As soon as he was alone he made an effort to master himself, and walked firmly into the studio, drew forward his easel, and after removing the curtain stood there to study his work and criticize and mark its failings.

He found none to mark, but stood there waiting for his living, breathing model, knowing well enough that he must check the madness attacking him—at once, in its incipient stage.

"I'm as weak a fool as other men," he muttered. "Bahl! I can easily disillusionize myself. I'll insist upon her removing her veil to-day. It is that and the foolish wish to see her face that has upset me. I bring in a weak, nervous state. Once I've finished and had the work framed, I really will give up painting for a few weeks and rest."

That maddening day passed, but no model came, and as soon as it was dark he went out, but not until the last post had come in that was likely to bring him a letter of excuse from his sister.

He went straight to the house where Jaggs lodged, to learn that he was away from home. The people of the house thought that he had gone down somewhere in the country to sit for an artist who was doing a sea picture, but they were not sure whether it was Surrey or Cornwall.

Somewhere Leather Lane way, Jaggs had told him that the father lived. Perhaps he was ill, and his child was nursing him. But how could he go about asking at random in that neighborhood about the missing model?

But he did, seeking out first one and then another handsome, picturesque vagabond belonging to the artistic Italian colony, and questioning him, but without avail. They had never heard the name.

He tried a lodging-house or two upon whose steps Italian women were seated, dark-eyed, black-haired, and with showy glass bead necklaces about their throats. But no, those who could understand him neither knew the name, nor had they heard of a Sardinian patriot who had a daughter who went out to sit.

Dale returned to his rooms to pass another sleepless night, but hoping that the next morning would put an end to his anxiety, fever, or trouble, which he was feverish, haggard, and mentally careworn on account of his dread of not being able to finish his picture as satisfactorily as he could wish.

He had tried hard during the interval, but in spite of all his efforts he had been able to get tidings of neither Jaggs nor the model the man had introduced: while to make his state the more wretched, Pacey had not been near him, and for some unaccountable reason Leronde, too, had stayed away.

He was seated, wild-eyed and despairing one morning, when Keren-Happuch came running in, breathless with her exertions to reach the studio, and bear the news which she felt would be like life to the young artist.

"Here she is, sir," panted the girl, "she's come at last," and then ran down to open the front door.

Dale staggered and turned giddy, but listened with eyes fixed upon the door, hardly daring to believe that he saw it open, and the dark, closely veiled figure enter quickly.

Then there was a re-action, and he asked himself why he had suffered like this. What was the poorly dressed woman who had just entered to him?

His lips parted but he did not speak, only waited.

"Am I too late?" she said in her strongly accented French. "Some other? The picture finished?"

"No," he said coldly; and he wondered at her collected manner as he caught the glint of a pair of searching eyes. "I have waited for you. Why have you been so long?"

"I have been ill," she said simply, and her tones suggested suffering.

"Ill?" he cried excitedly; and he took a step towards her with extended hand. "I am very sorry."

"Thank you," she said quietly, and ignoring the extended hand. "I am once more well, and I must be quick. Shall I stay one more hour every day and you pay me more? Oh, no. For the same."

"Yes, pray do," he said huskily, and he thrust his hand into his pocket to pay her in advance according to his custom, but she ignored the money she had previously passed in his hand without notice, and after pointing to the door she hurried through into his room, to return in a wonderfully short space of time and take her place upon the dais.

Dale began to paint eagerly, feverishly, so as to lose himself in his work, but in a few minutes he raised his eyes to see the glint of those which seemed to be watching him suspiciously through the thick veil, as if ready to take alarm at the slightest word or gesture on his part, and that upon the instant his work was gone. He felt that he must speak, and in a deep husky voice he began:

"You have been very ill, then?"

"Yes, monsieur," curtly and distinctly.

"I wondered very much at not seeing you. I was alarmed."

"I do not see why monsieur should feel alarm."

"Of course, on account of my picture," he said awkwardly; and laying down his palette and brushes he saw that the model gave a sudden start, but once more stood motionless as he took out his pocket-book and withdrew the pencil.

"Will you give me your address?"

"Why should monsieur wish for my address?"

"To communicate with you. If I had known I should have been spared much anxiety. Tell me, and I will write it down."

"With that of the woman who wait monsieur's orders?"

This was spoken so imperiously that Dale replaced the pencil and book, and took up palette and brushes.

"As you will," he said, as he began once more to paint.

But the power to convey all he wished to the canvas had gone, and he turned to her again. "Tell me more about yourself," he said.

"You are a foreigner and friendless here in England, I know that, but tell me more. I may be of service to you."

"Monsieur is being of service to me. He pays me for occupying this degrading position to which I am driven."

There was so much angry bitterness in her tones that Dale was again silenced, but his pulse beat wildly, and although he applied his brush to his canvas from time to time, there were only results that he would have to wipe away.

"I am sorry you consider the task degrading," he said at last. "I have endeavored to make it as little irksome as I could."

"Monsieur has been most kind till now," she said quickly; and then in a bitterly contemptuous tone, "Monsieur forgets that I am waiting. His pencil is idle."

He started angrily and went on painting, but the eyes were still watching him, and strive all he would, there was the intense desire growing once more to see that face which was hidden from him so closely that he knew that he ought to respect his visitor's scruples, but he could not, and again and again he shivered with a sensation nearly approaching to dread.

But the wish was still supreme. That black woollen veil piqued him, and after a few minutes of worthless work he asked her if she was weary.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then we will rest a few minutes."

"No, monsieur, go on. I am your slave for the time."

He started at her words, and as much at her tone, which was full of hauteur as if she were some princess. But now, instead of this driving him in very shame to continue his work, it only impressed him the more. There was a mystery about her and her ways. The almost insolent contempt with which she treated him made him angry and his anger increased to rage as he fully realized how weak and mortal he was as a man. He tried not to own it to himself, but he knew that a strange passion had developed itself within him, and with mingled pleasure and pain he felt that this beautiful woman could read him through and through, and that hour by hour her feelings toward him became more and more those of contempt.

He did not stop to reason, for he was rapidly becoming blind to everything but his unquenchable desire to see her face. There were moments when he felt ready to rage against himself for his weakness and as he called it folly; but all this was swept away, and at last as the sitting went on and the model haughtily refused to leave the dais for a time to rest, he found himself asking whether there was not after all truth in the old legends, and whether by his shrinking from Lady Dallator's passionate avowals, the author of all evil had not sent some beautiful demon to tempt him to show him how weak he was after all. It was maddening, and at last he threw down palette and brushes to begin striding up and down the room, carefully averting his eyes from his model, who stood there as motionless as if she were some lovely statue.

At last he returned to his canvas.

"You must be tired now," he said hurriedly.

"Rest for a while."

"I'm not tired now," she replied coldly, "if monsieur will continue."

"I cannot paint to-day," he said hoarsely.

"You trouble me. What I have done is valueless."

"I trouble monsieur?" she said coldly. "Am I not patient?—can I be more still?"

He made a mighty effort over self, and for the moment conquered. Seizing his brushes and palette he began to paint once more, but in a reckless way, as if merely to keep himself occupied, but as he turned his eyes from his canvas from time to time to study the beautiful model, standing there in that imperious attitude, strange, mysterious and weird, with the black enmasking above the graceful, voluptuous figure, he lost more and more the self-command he had maintained.

For a few minutes he told himself that he was mistaken, that her eyes must be closed; but it was he knew too well a mere mental subterfuge; they were gleaming through that dark network and piercing him to the very soul.

He could bear it no longer, and again throwing down brushes and palette he paced the room for a minute or two before turning to the marble figure standing so motionless before him.

"I tell you I cannot paint," he cried angrily.

"It is as if you were casting some spell over me. I must see your face. Why do you persist in this fancy? Your masked face takes off my attention. I beg—I insist—remove that veil."

"I do not quite understand, monsieur," she said coldly. "He spoke in a language that is not mine, neither is it his. He confuses me; I am trying to be a patient model, but everything is wrong to-day. Will he tell me what I should do to give him satisfaction?"

"Take off that veil," cried Dale.

The model caught up the cloak and flung it around her shoulders.

"Now, quick!" cried Dale excitedly, "that veil."

"Monsieur is ill. Shall I call for help?"

"No, no, I am not ill. Once more I beg, I pray of you—take off that veil."

"But monsieur is so strange—so unlike himself," she cried, as taking her step forward Dale caught the hand which held the cloak in his.

"Now," he cried wildly, with his eyes flashing, and trying to pierce the woollen mask—

For a moment the warm soft hand clung to his convulsively, and the other rose with the arm in a graceful movement towards her shrouded face; but as if angry with herself for being about to yield to his mad importunity, she snatched away the hand he held, and with the other thrust him back violently.

"It is infamous!" she cried with her eyes flashing through the veil. "It is an insult. Monsieur, it is to the woman you love that you make this gesture, and she steps down from the dais as if it had been her throne, and with her face turned toward Dale she walked with calm dignity, her head thrown back and the folds of the cloak gathered round her, to the inner door, passed through, and for the first time, as if she was shot into the socket.

Dale stood motionless in the middle of the studio, his eyes bloodshot and his pulse throbbing heavily, unable for some little time either to think or move.

"Yes," he muttered, as he grew calmer; "it was an insult, and she revenges herself upon me. An hour ago I was to be her a chivalrous man in whose honor she could have faith. Now I am degraded in her eyes to the level of the brute, and—she trusts me no longer. Do I love this woman whose face I have never seen, or am I going mad?"

But he was alone now, and he grew more calm as the minutes glided by; and once more making a tremendous effort to command himself he waited patiently as he could for the opening of the door.

In a few minutes there was the sharp snap again of the lock being turned, the door was thrown open, and the tall dark figure swept out into the great studio with head erect and indignant mien.

She had to pass close by him to reach the farther door, but she looked straight before her, completely ignoring his presence till in excited tones he said:

"One moment—pray stop."

She had passed him, but she arrested her steps and half turned her head as a queen might to listen to some suppliant who was about to offer his petition.

"Forgive me," he panted. "I was not myself. You will forget all this? Do not let my madness drive you away."

He was standing with his hands extended as if to seize her again, but she gathered her cloak tightly round her, so that he could see

once more the curves and contour of the form he had transferred to canvas, and passed on to the door, where she stopped and waited for him according to his custom to turn the key.

Her mute action and gesture dragged him to the door, as if he were completely under her influence; and throwing it open he once more said pleadingly and in a low, deep voice which trembled from the emotion by which he was overcome:

"Forgive me; I was half mad."

But she made no sign. Walking swiftly now, she passed out on to the landing, descended the staircase, and as he stood listening he heard the light step and the rustling of her garments till she reached the heavy front door, which was opened and closed with a heavy, dull, echoing sound.

But still Dale did not move. He stood as if bound there by the spell of which he had spoken, till, all at once he uttered a faint cry, snatched his hat and followed out into the street.

Too late. There was no sign of the black cloaked figure, and after hurrying in different directions for several minutes he returned to his studio utterly crushed.

"Gone!" he muttered, as he threw himself into a chair. "I shall never see her more. Great heavens! Do I love this woman? Am I so vile?"

"Please sir, may I come in?"

Dale started up and tried to look composed as little Keren-Happuch entered with a note in her hand.

"One of them scented ones, sir," said the girl. "It was in the letter box. I found it an hour ago, but I did not like to bring it in."

As she was alone, his eyes fell upon the Contessa's well known hand, and, without opening the letter, he gazed at it and recalled the past.

At last his lips parted and he said thoughtfully:

"I loved me with an unholo love. It is a tribulation. She must have felt as I do now."

## CHAPTER XVI.

JOE PACEY AT HOME.

Pacey sat back in a shabby old chair in a shabby room. The surroundings were poor and yet rich—the former applying to the furniture, the latter to the many clever little gems presented to him by his artist friends, many of whom were still poor as he, others high up on the steps leading to the temple of fame.

Joseph Pacey's hair needed cutting, and his beard looked tangled and wild; and as he sat back in his slippers, he looked the very opposite of his *vis a vis*, the exquisitely neat, waxed-mustached, closely clipped young Frenchman who assisted briskly in the formation of the cloud of smoke which floated overhead by making and consuming cigarettes, what time the tenant of the shabby rooms nursed a huge meerschaum pipe which he kept in a glow and replenished as he would an ordinary fire by putting a pinch of fresh fuel on the tip from time to time.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, frowning. "And so you think he has got the feminine fever badly?"

"But you do put it funny, my friend," said Leronde. "Why, of course, *Toujours*—always the same. As you say, *la femme la femme*. *Vive la femme!* But helas! How she do prove our ruin, and turn us as you say round your turn."

There was silence for a few moments during which, as he sat shaggy and frowning in the smoke, Pacey looked as if some magician were gradually turning his head into that of a lion.

"Seen him the last day or two?"

"Yes," said Leronde, putting out his tongue and running the edge of a newly rolled cigarette over the moist tip. "I go to see him yesterday."

"Well, what did he say?"

"And I ask him to come for an hour to the Vivarium to see the new ballet."

"He says 'Go to the devil.'"

"Well, did you go?"

"Yes, I come on here at once."

Pacey glowered at him, but his French friend was innocent of any double entendre; and as black smoke rose from a double cork at the outer door—the well worn oak on the staircase of number nine back Inn.

"Aha! *Vive la compagnie!*" cried Leronde. "Humph; someone for money," muttered Pacey. "He says 'Go to the devil.' I don't know; I've got none. Here, dandy," he said aloud, "open the door. Shut the other first, and tell whoever it is that I cannot see him. Engaged—ill—anything you like."

Yes, I see. I am ill, said the young Frenchman, and passing through the inner door he closed it after him and opened the outer to return in a minute with two cards.

"Who was it?" growled Pacey.

"A lady and gentleman. I told them you could not see anyone and they are gone."

Pacey snatched the cards, glanced at them, uttered an ejaculation and springing up he threw down his pipe, and nearly did the same by his companion as he rushed to the door, passed out on to the landing and began to run down the stairs.

"My faith but he is a droll of a man," muttered Leronde, pointing his mustache; but I love him. Aha! always the woman. How he run as soon as he read the name. We are all alike, men. What was it? Messrs. Thorpe and Pacey, I think. He is very particular. You saw the names on the cards?"

"Oh, yes."

"Not a word then to Armstrong?"

"I do not tiddle-taddle," said Leronde stiffly. "I speak like that to you, old fellow. Come back at six and we'll go and dine in Soho."

"But—the lady?"

"Bah! Nonsense, man! This is business. *Au revoir!*" till six."

Pacey hurried back and closed both doors, to find his visitor standing in the middle of the room, Cornel pale and anxious and her brother stern, distant and angry of eye.

"I did not expect you, Miss Thorpe," cried Pacey warmly. "Pray sit down."

"I think my sister and I can finish our interview without sitting down, sir. You are Mr. Joseph Pacey?"

"I am," said the artist, as coldly now as the speaker.

"And you wrote to my sister—"

"Michael, dear, I will speak to Mr. Pacey please," said Cornel, and she turned to the artist and held out her hand. "Thank you for writing to me, Mr. Pacey," she continued. "I thought it better as my brother was coming to England to accompany him and see you myself."

She sank into the chair Pacey had placed for her, and after a contemptuous look round at the shabby surroundings the doctor followed her example.

"My brother is angry, Mr. Pacey; he is indignant on my behalf. He thinks me foolish and obstinate in coming here to see you, and that I am lowering myself and not displaying proper pride."

"Do," said the doctor firmly.

"Out of his tender love for me, Mr. Pacey," Cornel continued, with her sweet pathetic voice seeming to ring and find an echo in the old artist's heart; "but I felt it to be my duty to come to know the truth."

schoolfellow—the man who was betrothed to my sister—has in some way gone wrong."

Pacey bowed his head.

"Cornel, dear, you hear this? It is sufficient. We do not wish to pry into Armstrong Dale's affairs. We know enough. Now are you satisfied?"

"No. Mr. Pacey, your words have formed a bond between us greater than existed before. I have heard of you so often from Armstrong. I come to you as a friend, and in obedience to your letter, I ask you then to keep nothing back, but to speak to me plainly. Please remember that I am an American girl. I think we are different from your ladies here. Not colder, but firm, plain-spoken, honest and true. We feel as shame as keenly as the proudest of your patrician maidens, but we crush down false shame, and that is why I come to you instead of writing to and making appeals to the man whom I have known from childhood—the man who was betrothed to me, and who loved me dearly as I love him, only so short a time ago. There, you see how simply and plainly I speak, the more so that I know you have Armstrong Dale's welfare at heart."

"God knows I have," said Pacey fervently.

"Then tell me plainly, Mr. Pacey."

"Cornel!"

"I will speak, Michael," she said gently. "His happiness and mine depend upon my knowing the truth. Mr. Pacey, I am waiting."

Pacey gazed at her with a face full of reverence for the woman before whom he stood, but no words left his lips.

"You are silent," she said calmly. "You fear to tell me the truth. He is not ill; you said so. He cannot be in want of money. There it is as I gathered from your letter; he has been led into some terrible temptation."

Pacey bowed his head gravely.

"Now are you satisfied?" said Thorpe earnestly.

"I knew that it was so."

"And I clung so fondly to the hope that it was not," said Cornel, gazing straight before her, and as if she were thinking aloud. Then, turning to Pacey, "He was becoming famous, was he not?"

"Yes."

"Succeeding wonderfully with his art?"

"Gravely."

"And now this has all come like a cloud," sighed Cornel dreamily. Then again to Pacey, in spite of her brother's frown, "Is she very beautiful?"

Pacey paused for a moment and then said sadly:

"Very beautiful."

"And does she love him as he does her?"

"I fear so," said Pacey at last.

Cornel drew a long and piteous sigh, and they saw the tears brimming in her eyes, run over and trickle down her cheeks.

"Let us go, dear," she said softly. "I was too happy for it to last. Forgive me. I felt that I must know—all. Good-bye, Mr. Pacey."

She continued, holding out her hand, while her face was of a deadly white. "I am glad you wrote. You thought it would be best, but he must love her better than he ever loved me, and perhaps it is for his advancement."

"Is for his ruin, I tell you," cried Pacey fiercely.

"But you said she loved him. Is she not true and good?"

"Good!" cried Pacey, with his brows knotted.

"Ejaculation as much as sigh, and accompanied by a wild look of horror. Then with her manner completely changed, Cornel laid her hand upon Pacey's arm."

"Who is this woman?" she said firmly.

Pacey compressed his lips, but the beautiful eyes fixed upon him forced the words to come, and in a low voice he muttered the Contessa's name. Then he stood looking at his visitor wonderingly, as, with her lips now white as if all the blood within her had fled to her heart, she said firmly:

"And the Contessa?"

"Is a man of fashion—a dog—a scoundrel whom I could crush beneath my heel."

"Cornel," cried her brother firmly, "you have heard enough; you shall not degrade yourself by listening to these wretched details."

"Yes, I have heard enough," she said firmly, but she did not stir, only stood with her brows knit, gazing straight before her.

"Then now you will come back to the hotel?" cried her brother eagerly.

"No, not yet," she said, drawing herself up.

"Not yet?" cried Thorpe, in wonder at the firmness and determination she displayed.

"Not yet; I am going to see Armstrong Dale."

"No," cried Pacey excitedly. "You must not do that. I will see him and tell him you are here. It will bring him to his senses, and he will come to you."

Cornel turned to him, smiling sadly.

"You tell me that he is slipping away into the gulf, and when I would go to hold out my hands to save him you say, 'Wait and he will come to you.'"

"At any rate you cannot go," cried Thorpe.

"Armstrong Dale is my affianced husband, and at heart, in his weakness and despair, he calls to me for help. I am going to him now."

"And God speed your work!" cried Pacey excitedly, "for if ever angel came to help man in his sorest need it is now."

The next minute, without a word, Cornel Thorpe was walking alone down the old staircase to the street, and Pacey and her brother followed, as if they were in a dream.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER LOVE.

Four days had passed and Armstrong had not left his place, but waited, hoping against hope, and at last

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himself to speak brutally, to hide the shame and agony he felt. "Yes," he said; "it is all true." She winced as if he had struck her, and there was silence for a few moments before she spoke again, and then in a curiously changed voice, as in her agony of heart.

"No," she whispered at last; "it cannot be true. It is a strange dream. I cannot—I will not believe it." He strove again and again to speak, but no words would come. He tried to speak gently and ask her to forgive him, but in vain, and at last, even more brutally than before, he cried: "I tell you it is true. If you knew all this how could you come?"

There was a pause before she spoke again, and then she drew herself up with an imperious gesture and her words came firmly and full of defiance of the world.

"I came because I heard the man I loved was beaten down and wounded in the fight of life, and I said, 'What is it to me—he loved me very dearly, and if he had been met by temptation and had nearly fallen, my place is there. I will go to him and remind him of the past and point out again the forward way.' Armstrong, that is why I have come."

He groaned, and his voice was softened now and half choked by the agony and despair at his heart.

"Go back," he said, "and forget me, Cornel; I am not the man you thought. I left you strong in my belief in self, ready for the fight, but your knife has cut me, and I am left out to be only a sorry pawn. I don't ask you to forgive me; I only say for your own sake go and forget that such a villain ever lived."

"Then it is all true!" she said sternly. "I don't know what Joe Facey has said," he cried bitterly as he gazed in the sweet womanly face before him, "but I make the only preparation that I can. I speak frankly, Cornel, dear, and tell you that the worst he could say of me would not exceed the truth. Utterly unworthy—utterly base—I am not fit to touch your hand."

As he spoke now in his excitement he took a step toward her and she shrank away.

"Yes," he cried bitterly, "you are right. Shrink from me and go."

"No," she said, after another pause, "I will not shrink from you. I will not upbraid; I will only say to you, tear those scales from your eyes and see, as Armstrong Dale, my old play-fellow—brother—lover—used to see. Break from the entanglement like the man you always were and be yourself again."

"No," he groaned, "I am no longer master of myself. For God's sake, go!"

"And leave you to this—caught in these toils, to struggle wildly for a time, and for what?—a life of misery and repentance! It is too late. You are too strong for this. Armstrong, for your own sake—for all at home—once brave effort. Pluck her from your heart and go away."

He looked at her wildly for a few moments, and then shook his head. "It is too late," he said, "it is too late."

"No," she cried excitedly; "even on the edge there is time to drag you away. Armstrong—I cannot bear it—come with me, dear. You loved me once; you made me love you and think of you as all the world to me. This woman, she cannot love you as I do, dear. For I do love you with all my poor heart. Do not quite break it, dear, for I forgive you everything, only come back with me now. Do you not hear me? I forgive you everything, and you will come."

She staggered toward him with her arms open to clasp him to her breast, but he shrank away with a groan of despair.

"No," he said; "it is too late—too late." She heaved a piteous sigh and her hands fell to her sides. Then with her head bent she walked slowly to the door, passed out and he heard her steps descending. A few moments later there were voices in the hall, followed by the heavy closing of the door, which seemed to shut him for ever from all that was good and true, alone with his despair as he turned to the canvas, where he gazed upon the form he had created, apparently the only memory of a mad passion which seemed to have crushed him to the earth.

(To be Continued.)

#### Canadian Pluck.

A Successful Canadian Business Extended to England.

Although but a Short Time in that Country the Press Pronounces the Success Phenomenal.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the following article from the *Montreal Witness*, relative to the success in Great Britain of a well known Canadian firm. We have done business with the firm in question for a number of years and can heartily endorse what the *Witness* says concerning their honorable business methods, and the care exercised in the publication of the articles appearing in the press relative to their preparation. These cases are always written up by influential newspapers in the localities in which they occur, after a full and thorough investigation that leaves no doubt of their impartiality and truthful character. We are quite certain that the confidence reposed in the firm and their preparation is not misplaced.

The phrase "British pluck" has become an adage, and not without good reason, for wherever enterprise, courage or "bulldog tenacity" is required to sweep away or surmount opposing obstacles in order that the pinnacle of success may be reached, your true Briton never flinches, and facing all obstacles works until success has been achieved. This same "British pluck" is a characteristic of the native born Canadian, and there are very few walks in life in which it does not bring success as the reward. This is much by way of prelude to what bears every indication of being a successful venture on the part of a well known Canadian house. When it was announced a few months ago that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, intended establishing a branch

of their business in the Motherland, there were a few who were inclined to be sceptical as to the success of the venture, while some boldly predicted failure. "There would be an objection," they urged, "to taking up a colonial remedy;" "their business methods differed from those prevailing in Canada;" the field was already crowded with proprietary remedies long established, and well advertised. These and many other objections were urged as reasons why the venture was a doubtful one. But the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. was not to be deterred by any objections that might be raised. They had unbounded confidence in the merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the pluck to back up their confidence with their cash. This latter is well known to Canadian newspaper men, who know that less than three years ago the company first put upon the market in the form of Pink Pills a prescription which had previously only been used in private practice, and with a skill and audacity that has not been surpassed in the annals of Canadian secreting, pushed it in the van of all competitors. Of course the remedy had to have merit or this could not have been done, and it was the company's sincere belief in the merit of their remedy that endowed them with the pluck to place their capital behind it. It was this same conviction that merit, skillfully advocated, will command success that induced them to venture into competition with the long established remedies of the Motherland. And we are glad to know—

we believe that all Canadians will be glad to learn—that short as is the time the Dr. Williams' Company has been in that field, their success has been rapid and ever increasing. As an instance of this success, the *Chemist and Druggist*, the leading drug journal of the world, and probably the most conservative, in a recent issue states that the success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Great Britain has been unprecedented and phenomenal. While, no doubt, it is the advertising that has brought this remedy into such rapid prominence in England, it is the merit of the preparation that keeps it there and makes it popular with the people. There are few newspaper readers in Canada who have not read of the cures, that by the way, border on the marvelous, brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and already we see by the English papers that the same results are being achieved there. Is it any wonder then that Pink Pills are popular wherever introduced?

We have business with this firm for a number of years. We have found them honorable and reliable, and worthy of credence in all that they claim for their remedy.

We cannot close this article better than by giving in a condensed form the particulars of a striking case in Nottingham, England, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cure is vouched for by the Nottingham Daily Express, the leading journal of the Midland counties.

The picture-sque suburb of Old Basford, some three miles from the market-place of Nottingham, has just been the scene of an occurrence which has excited considerable attention among the local residents, and of which rumors have reached Nottingham itself. The circumstances affect Mr. Arthur Watson of Old Basford, formerly an employee in the bleach yard at Messrs. H. Ashwell & Co.'s hosiery factory, in New Basford, and afterwards employed at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co.'s factory, near Nottingham. In consequence of the gossip, which has been in circulation with regard to this case, a local reporter of the Nottingham Daily Express, who is situated at No. 19 Mountpleasant, Whitmore road, Old Basford, and made enquiries as to the curious circumstances alleged. The visitor was met by Mrs. Watson, but Mr. Watson himself immediately afterwards entered the room, looking very little like the victim of sudden paralysis. He told the story of his life's health as follows: In boyhood he was prostrated by a severe attack of rheumatism, fever, which, after his recovery, left behind it a permanent weakness and uncertainty of action in the heart and he had always been debilitated and more or less feeble. On giving up his work at Messrs. Ashwell's bleach factory, he sought change of employment and undertook the work of attending to furnaces at kilns at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co.'s Works, being at the time an out-patient at the General Hospital, Nottingham, where he was treated for weakness of the heart. The circumstances of his work at the furnaces were somewhat peculiar. Exposed on one side to the extreme heat of the furnace, he was attacked on the other by the chilling winds which proved so distressing to many people last October, and one day in the month he was suddenly prostrated by a stroke which had all the appearance of permanent paralysis, and was pronounced such by the doctors who attended him. The course of the stroke appears to have been down the entire right side. His leg was entirely powerless and he was unable to stand. He could not lift his right arm from his side or from any position in which he was placed. His face was horribly distorted and the organs of speech completely paralyzed, so that he was able neither to stand nor speak. His condition is described by those acquainted with him as being most pitiable. He lay in this condition for more than three months suffering intermittently considerable pain, but more afflicted by his utter helplessness than by sufferings of any other kind. His wishes were indicated by signs and feeble mummings. The distortion of his face was rendered the more apparent by the ghastly palor of his features, and he lay in bed anticipating nothing better than that death should eventually relieve him of his helplessness.

The Rev. Walter Cooper, Wesleyan Methodist minister, whose flock have their spiritual habitation in a substantial building in High street, Old Basford, took a pastor's interest in the case of this unfortunate man, and in acquaintance with the circumstances from almost first to last. A week or two ago Mr. Watson began to astonish all his neighbors by the sudden improvement in his appearance and capacity. He is able to walk about, and his right arm, which was formerly perfectly incapable of motion, is now moved almost as readily as the other, though the fingers have not yet recovered their usual delicate touch. Perhaps the most striking circumstance, however, is the great improvement in the personal aspect of the man. The deformity of feature

caused by the paralysis is entirely removed. His speech is restored, and the right leg, the displacement of which kept him to his bed or chair, has now recovered its function so completely that he is about to take some outdoor work in Basford and Nottingham.

Questioned as to the cause of this remarkable improvement in a case universally regarded as incurable by the medical profession, Mrs. Watson, wife of the patient, unhesitatingly attributed her husband's miraculous recovery to the use of a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and brought into considerable prominence by the publication of some remarkable cures effected by their means in Canada and elsewhere. "Since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mr. Watson, "I have unquestionably been better not only than I was before the stroke of paralysis seized me, but than I have been at any time since my boyhood," a statement confirmed by Mrs. Watson, who said the appearance of her husband now was proof of the enormous improvement in his health. "The pills," she said, "seem not only to have cured the paralysis of the face and leg, but to have effected a most remarkable change in his general health."

Mr. Watson was always remarkably pallid and of a slightly apparant, but the ruddy glow of his face confirmed Mrs. Watson's words. "I assure you," said she, "we can speak in the highest possible terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Nothing either at the General Hospital or from the doctors who have attended my husband at different times, has done anything like the good which the few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pills he has taken have effected, and, under Providence, we feel he owes his life and his restoration to work and usefulness to this wonderful medicine."

Mr. Charles Leavitt, insurance agent, at Cowley street, Old Basford, has among other neighbors been deeply moved by the sufferings of Mr. Watson, and profoundly impressed by his miraculous restoration to health. The case has been the subject of a copious conversation in the entire neighborhood.

Attention is drawn to the circumstance that every fact in the above remarkable history is vouched for by independent evidence, which it is wholly impossible to doubt. It is shown by conclusively attested evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the ordinary sense, but a scientific preparation from a formula long used in regular practice. They are shown to possess the most delicate and delicate qualities arising from impoverished blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, rickets, hip joint diseases, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also invigorates the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry and diseases. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood becoming "built up" the most delicate diseases, such as lack of constitution, becoming rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulates them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus to eliminate disease from the system.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of 40 Holborn Viaduct, London, England (and of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y.), and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrappers at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 15s. Pamphlet free by mail on application. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and will be exposed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all chemists or direct by post from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from the above address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### What Was He to Do?

Sunday School Teacher—You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other.

Tommy Smathers—He gimme a jab on both cheeks, an' I didn't have no more to turn him.

#### New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

#### Keeps 'Em Off.

Bleeker—Do you have those rods on your house to protect you from lightning?

Uncle Treep—No; from lightning-rod agents.

#### World's Fair and Back.

The shortest and best route from Canada to the Columbian Exposition is via the new Washash, Detroit & Chicago short line just opened, and is now running four solid trains daily, passing through principal Canadian cities without any change, finest sleeping day coaches and dining cars in the world, landing passengers at Dearborn station in the business center of the city, near cable cars and leading hotels. Take no World's Fair ticket unless it reads via Detroit and the banner route. Full particulars from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

#### Risky Economy.

Wife—But my dear, we can't afford to stay home from the shore this summer. Husband (in surprise)—Good heavens! can't afford it? Why, we owe the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and everybody else, and haven't a cent to pay them with.

Wife—Yes; but if they say we couldn't afford to go away they would come down on us for the money, and we would have to go either into bankruptcy or starve to death.

#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own part of the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

R. S. V. P.—Hasty impulse, great individuality, some ambition, hasty method, and great belief in self are shown; generosity, imagination, honesty and lack of buoyancy and hope also.

HORTENSE—You are somewhat imaginative, fond of things beautiful, discreet and self respecting, refined, and with much independent force of character, very feminine, and judgment a little faulty, impulse nervous, and will steady and decided. Honor and courage are shown.

RECTOR OF MOUNT—You are original, self-assertive,

and full of impulse, force and humor, fond of comfort, warm in affection, ambitious, bright and hopeful. This writing should mark a successful and happy creature. You have also some sympathy, like to hear yourself talk, and have a constant and even purpose and orderly method.

LONDON.—This is a strong, honest, rather matter-of-fact character, incapable of indifference and avers to levity; impulse is pessimistic and will constant and somewhat strong. Social instincts fair and imagination limited; small idealism and possibilities of excellent ability are shown. A character bound to win respect from thinking people.

MOLLY OF MORLEY FARM.—You are careful and a little given to mistrust, generosity might be developed with benefit to yourself—I mean a liberal habit of looking at things. Your character needs steadiness, that is if you are not rather juvenile, in which case it would naturally not be established. You have impetuosity and erratic impulse, very fine force and careful judgment. Your affections are moderate and your temper sensitive.

ELMER VINCEN.—1. Your note is quite sufficient for delineation. I don't know what has happened to the poem. I don't see it anywhere. 2. You are idealistic, rather sympathetic, somewhat vivacious, but not magnetic; discreet, careful and rather optimistic; affection and self-indulgence are small, but effort is constant; temper a little uncertain. This is an excellent central study, without any marked traits to attract or repel; on the whole rather apt to please.

LOUIS XIV.—You are good-natured, light in will but persevering, fond of fun and slightly humorous, rather careless of details although wishing to appear creditably; very ambitious and hopeful of success, of good abilities and a certain culture; facility and ease of manner, with a very frank and honest method are shown. Some idealism and not much warmth of affection appear. Your enclosure does not admit of delineation, as I have frequently stated lately. It is extremely interesting.

MERCIE.—1. Have I not delineated this writing before? It or its writer is very familiar. 2. You are very persistent in action, fond of your friends, conservative and somewhat cautious, of excellent ability, good judgment, self-control, a little irascible, with some erratic impulses, which you strive to correct. You are not brilliant nor very vivacious in manner, but you have a very level head on your shoulders, and you are worthy of consideration for many reasons, not the least being the fact that you know your own faults.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.—1. You simply cannot "differ with" anyone. Pay try to agree with, or if you can't, then "differ from" them. As to your intention to say something pretty, I am sorry you did not accomplish it, and reflect the tenacity of nonsense which covered four pages. I hope when you write again, as you intend, you will not try to be funny; you can't do it, my friend. As you are not a male person, in spite of your name, I don't go for you quite as viciously as I should for making me wade through such a letter. So much for the matter, which I never notice unless extra good or bad. 2. Your writing shows care, faulty judgment, some energy and decided ability, a rather weak but very prejudiced nature, caution and a little selfishness, lack of sympathy and tact, but some imagination, facility and an even temperament, tenacity of opinions and considerable grasp of affairs are shown.

WILHELM HEINRICH.—1. This is a well developed and sterling character, good-natured, somewhat energetic and of decided ability; ambition to rise, some hope, a little self-will and a very honest method are shown. The writer is careful, methodical and his affection and purpose are constant, if not marked by excessive force. 2. Now for your letter, my boy. I think I shall quote part of it for the benefit of readers, coming from a large American city as it does. "The majority of Canadians think there is one continual bustle and stir here, but they are greatly mistaken. There is at present quite a trade depression here as well as in most parts of the Union, and it is quite frequently that we hear the expressions, 'Very dull,' 'Nothing doing,' which is something the few Canadian grumblers think is confined to their country only. Canadians are better off than they know themselves to be. They are as well off as the people in this country, and in some respects a great deal better, and all they require is more confidence in themselves."

Mrs. GROSSMITH.—1. I am afraid you've mixed your *nom de plume*, but perhaps your writing betrays you. 2. No one is expected to return calls for two months after a very deep bereavement. In fact, seclusion can be indulged in for a month longer if desired. 3. I think no book on etiquette is quite up to date, the usages of modern society are so very liberal and easy. 4. I am much impressed with the first-named author. I consider Tom a most fascinating and human book. As to Brent, I have never yet read one of his books through, which I think eloquently bespeaks my opinion of them. 5. Your writing shows enormous and

irrepressible idealism, coupled with enough self-esteem to brew conceit. You are strong in all your ways and feelings, with a streak of masculinity, like a thread of steel wire in a silk weave. Self preservation and self-assertion are yours, with very good temper, but little self-control, talent and emotional impulse; in fact, an exaggerated method in many directions, hasty judgment and impatience of control. Those pretty feminine graces of tact, sympathy and intuitive perception might be cultivated for your good.

## Tried & True

may well be said of the Superior Medicine, the standard blood-purifier,

## AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Its long record assures you that what has cured others

will cure you

At the Bank.

This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is over-drawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and all forms of WASTING DISEASES. As most as palatable as Milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. For sale by all druggists.

## CATARRH

God's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

## GOODES - BERGER

The only natural mineral water now supplied to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, under Royal Warrant.

Professor WANKLIN, of London, Eng., states: "I have analyzed the Goode-Berger water, and find that it is exquisitely pure. Its saline ingredients are normal, just those required to form an excellent table water."

TRY IT Acting agent at Toronto: AUGUSTE BOLTE 47 Colborne Street

# SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

St. JOHN SOAP MFG CO., St. Stephen, N. B.

# CHOCOLATES

SEE that Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate. G. B. mark late. None genuine without it.

# DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER



## COMPARING BABIES

is apt to result in a difference of opinion, but all nurses agree that the only safe soap to use for the babies' delicate skin is BABY'S OWN. See that you are not imposed upon by any of the imitations extant which your grocer may be dishonest enough to say "are just as good."

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$5 00
Six Months.....	3 00
Three Months.....	1 50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VII TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893. [No. 32]

## "Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

## To Our Readers.

SATURDAY NIGHT has without doubt the largest staff of any weekly newspaper in Canada. The production of a newspaper such as SATURDAY NIGHT, with its sixteen pages of carefully edited matter, is no ordinary task, and when summer comes, like parsons and schoolteachers and lawyers and doctors, the writers who contribute to these columns think of rest and fishing and shady nooks and the sources of inspiration which cannot be found in the city. In July and August society matters, except such as come from summer resorts, are more limited, the reading public are disposed to read less in the heated term, and for this reason the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT propose for a few weeks to return to the old twelve-page form. For five years it was eminently satisfactory and they feel confident that this slight reduction in the quantity of matter will not meet with their disapproval. To-day this first twelve-page edition being on a holiday, it will naturally miss many of its accustomed readers until next week, when they will be glad to be able to catch up with the thread of the sketches and the stories by reading a little less.

For next fall the publishers of this paper have prepared a programme of supreme excellence. New features attended with large expenses will be added; more numerous illustrations will make SATURDAY NIGHT a still greater wonder as the best five-cent paper in the world. Its publishers have for the last three years claimed that there is no other paper of a similar price which uses as good paper, as good ink, as good illustrations, has as expensive a staff, or produces such an excellent result. Remember that for five cents you cannot buy any illustrated paper in America. Of course the daily papers attempt illustration, but SATURDAY NIGHT with its record of five and a half years of splendid success is to-day the most widely read and highly esteemed of all Canada's weeklies. The price the buyer pays does not nearly pay the cost of type, artists, editors, press work and the paper upon which it is printed. Much has to be drawn from the income created by its splendid advertising patronage in order to provide so much for so small a price.

By September there will be in full operation such additional enterprises as will permit of further additions to the expense of the central paper. Throughout Canada from ocean to ocean, much of the material worked up in SATURDAY NIGHT is distributed in various forms other than the circulation which is bounded only by the habitable limits of Canada. It is only by these features of the publication business fortifying the central and main idea of making SATURDAY NIGHT the greatest paper of its kind on earth, that the publishers have been permitted to excel competitors in every other country. By continuous investigation, travel, and the incurring of large expenses, the publishers have been able to establish themselves in this matter and the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have reaped the benefit, for every dollar that the business can find anywhere is dropped into the coffers from which the expenses of editorial, artistic and mechanical productions are paid.

It may not be uninteresting for the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to contrast the size, material and fate of SATURDAY NIGHT's many competitors. Advertisers can with profit to themselves notice that no expense has been spared not only to give this journal a circulation, but to make its advertisements the most pleasant, attractive and profitable that are printed in any newspaper in any country in the world. The fact that every effort of the Sheppard Publishing Company is made to establish auxiliaries which will enable them to present a paper the expenses of which are not justified by the price charged, must convince both reader and advertiser that there is some definite object in view.

On this First of July, 1893, the publishers desire to state what that object is. They have observed that no other newspaper in Canada is endeavoring to establish a franchise which on its merits must produce in a country such as ours a newspaper almost, if not absolutely, controlling its own peculiar field of enterprise. It is all right to work for the profits of to-day, but it is much better to carefully plan a success which shall be permanent. By cheap sensationalism a newspaper may obtain a large sale for one issue, but it is only by a large expenditure of money, indefatigable labor and a definite idea that a journal can be established in which the public will have con-

fidence, in which the advertisers will have not only quality but quantity of circulation, by reason of which the city in which it is published will have occasion to be proud of what it is doing. Amidst many disadvantages, one of which was the objection felt by many worthy citizens against society papers of all sorts, SATURDAY NIGHT has achieved the recognized position of being the best paper of its kind published at anything like a similar price in either America or Europe. Our Christmas Numbers have been works of art. We have on our staff and have assisted to develop the best talent now employed on the newspapers of the Dominion.

While advertising is slackest, while the special features of the paper are in least demand, we are gathering ourselves for an extra effort. At twelve pages the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are still giving the best five-cent paper in the world. At sixteen pages we excel all others so much the more. We are hoping within a reasonable length of time to give twenty pages. We are anxious to make our illustrations cover all the features of the day. Give us time, and London, Paris and New York will not produce anything so worthy of patronage, so artistic, so excellent as your own favorite SATURDAY NIGHT, of which the newspapers of Toronto sell so many.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT seldom intrude themselves upon the readers of their paper. Once, perhaps twice, a year we make some little mention of our progress and our plans. The enterprise has been profitable, though not reaching the figures which rumors have often reached. If it has been profitable it has not been by means of extortion but by having obtained public confidence, and thereupon having endeavored to deserve it. What we have given in the past is only the beginning of what we hope to give in the future, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of making our greatest efforts at such seasons as we can obtain the greatest amount of appreciation.

To those who are going away we wish pleasant bathing, good fishing, many merry-makings in meadow and grove, jolly hops at the seaside and a good time generally. Take SATURDAY NIGHT with you; it will be a letter from home, a never-failing correspondent which will keep you posted on what is going on.

## Christopher Columbus in Toronto.

As everybody knows, Toronto has this week been visited by three of the strangest craft that ever cast anchor in its pellucid bay, commanded by as antique a specimen of mortality as it has been my lot to interview in my capacity as hotel reporter for SATURDAY NIGHT. The mission of this nautical arrival is so strange that it may be worth while to give some space to his talk, the shouting of the stragglers from the Grit convention having about died away.

It was rumored early on Tuesday that three pirate ships of a most curious build were beating up from Scarborough and might be expected to effect a landing anywhere, except possibly through Ashbridge's Bay, which was regarded as strategically safe. The intentions of these odd-looking craft having proved to be quite harmless, the scare headlines which appeared in the first editions of the evening newspapers were substituted by something as near the truth as they ever get and to the effect that the sailors of these rakish-looking stone-hookers were on no other business than a voyage of discovery. Personally much relieved of course, owing to the anxiety I had felt as to certain mortgage covenants, I determined to allow the daily reporters to get in their work of harassing and prodding the unfortunate mariners for news, feeling confident that when the commandant, whoever he was, had refreshed himself by a change of raiment and a couple of drinks, at least, he would be in a fit state to meet a gentleman, talk rationally of his politics and probably



Columbus Registers.

not require interpolations in his conversation to render it interesting reading matter. I gave him two days in which to discover himself, as it were.

The news of course spread like wild-fire and many wild guesses were made as to the nationality of the visitors. Some people hinted vaguely as to "another island mystery," a "rescuing party for E. A. Macdonald," etc. Said I to myself, "The beings who sail such antique crafts must be gentlemen. Travel with all the speed they may, they evidently must have ample time for reflection and thought. They evidently are no excursionists or rabid World's Fair tourists. I will see the commandant and interview him myself for the best five-cent paper in the world." Thereupon, in my second-best dress suit I sought the Queen's hostelry and enquired if any foreigners sheltered there. Without removing his eyes from a spot in vacancy the clerk silently pointed to the register, upon which was the following name in a hand which for "foreignedness" would have tickled the expert graphologist:

CH. COLOMBO.

(DIRECTOR) SPAIN

Following my card I was ushered into the Red Parlor so dear to the memory of many who, while esteemed to be robbers, are yet the gen-

tlest philanthropists which any summer agitation has tried to remove. The tall owner of a fine Roman nose set in sun-burned cheeks, his face illumined by bright gray eyes, rose and greeted me in excellent English with a large Italian accent.

"Christopher Columbus," said I, Anglicizing his name with the deftness of a daily reporter, "can you give a minute to the press?"

"Ah," said he, "another gentleman of the daily chronicles. I shall be glad to have a chat with you."

"Pardon me; the weekly press—SATURDAY NIGHT."

"Really. Such a pleasure! My wife takes it."

Reclining, both of us, I found him a thorough gentleman. He had got rested and had looked around the city.

"So you want to know who I am and why I came. That is quite natural. I am curious myself. Si señor, I will tell you. I am the admiral of the fleet of three caravels you have observed in the bay, the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. The first named I command myself, the second is commanded by Captain Martin Alonso Pinzon, and his brother, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, runs the Nina, and we have ninety men aboard. We are in the Spanish secret service and exploration department. We set sail from Palos on August 3, 1492.

"Pardon me; you mean 1892."

"Allow me, scribo, I mean just what I said, 1492. I know the year because my mother was fifty that very month."

I may remark that at this point a little breeze of astonishment sprang up in my mind. Fourteen ninety-two—well, well.

"Oh, as I was saying, we set sail from Palos on August 3, 1492, and the king and queen cabined congratulations—"

"Excuse me, sir. Did you say the king and queen?"



I am a Geographer and a Christian.

queen? Isn't the child-king Alphonso on the throne of Spain?"

The swarthy mariner flushed a little deeper brown as he replied, "I refer to their august excellencies (heaven bless their memories) Ferdinand and Isabella now reigning on the double throne of Spain these many years. By their grace I am here to discover the unlighted, and by the same I believe I've struck the right spot."

"To what?" I gasped. The breeze of astonishment had turned into a cold fog of perplexity through which struck uncanny gleams of fear. I am young and unarmed. The tall, earnest-faced man was evidently angry. I noticed his antique clothes and a sword, which might deal a swinging blow, reclined over his knee. Or was I dreaming? Either one of us must be.

"To what? Good heavens! to discover us! Why, we need no discoverer. Lots of us have been abroad. Why, we are a 'center.' Both the Ceepeear and the Grand Trunk and—"

"Never heard of 'em," interjected Columbus. I tried him with higher names, names that the Toronto press at least will not willingly let die. He never moved a muscle as I slowly rolled off the following, which the printer will please set in nonpareil:

SIR JOHN THOMPSON,

TUPPER,

E. A. MACDONALD,

"HOMER" MACLEAN,

NED CLARK,

WILLIAM BELL (REV.),

GOLDEN SMITH,

ALF. JURY,

CHARLES DURAND,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON.

"Nary, nary a one," laughed Chris, recovering his good humor. "I remember, though, a pirate publisher with a name similar to that last one, somewhere in Europe."

"How long have you been on the way, Chris?" said I, feeling chummy.

"About ten months."

"Add four hundred years to that."

"No, I mean what I say. You surely don't have Mediterranean time?"

"We don't either. We travel—all sensible people do, at least—by standard time." (It never fixed on him.—C. C. A.)

Continuing, Columbus told me he was here on an evangelizing as well as discovering trip, with several little side lines of his own. "I am a geographer and a Christian, and my mission is to enlarge a knowledge of the earth's surface, to discover new continents and extend a knowledge of Christianity. I believe only one-seventh of the earth's surface to be land, and that the balance of it has as yet not been discovered. I expect to get from the natives of this country plenty of gold and silver."

I assured him our wealth was largely in earth and could not be moved, but in his calm way he went on, yet lightly:

"Towards the west lie the Antilles. There I shall find money anyway, with which to fight the Mohammedans and get possession of the Holy Land. We must do it. I have associated with scientific men, clerical and lay, of the Latin and Greek churches, with Jews and Moors and many others. To that end the Lord gave me the spirit of understanding. In the science of navigation he endowed me richly; of astronomy and also of geometry and arithmetic he gave me what was necessary. In Isaiah it is declared that the knowledge of righteousness is to be carried from the uttermost parts of the earth, meaning Spain, of course. I believe with St. Augustine that the end of the world will come near its seven thou-

sandth birthday. I have therefore little time left."

I simply said, "You astonish me, Columbus."

"Probably I do, probably I do," he murmured, as if used to the charge. Nothing short of consternation possessed me. To cover my confusion I offered Chris a cigar-ette.

"No, thank you, I don't approve of the habit. As I was saying, I have a life to live and a mission to perform."

"Of course, of course you have. True. And now, what do you think of Toronto?"

"Well, what I have seen gives me food for much thought and some delight. I admire your system of open streets; I am not used to them at home. Your parks are magnificent, and the wonderful electric 'trolleys,' as you call them, amaze me. What a convenience! But I hate they don't run on Sunday. What a pity! It would give so many a chance to go to church. Yes, I have visited the Canada Life tower. The view is grand. The new Parliament buildings and that round house, the cyclorama, remind me of old Madrid. The water! I have tasted it. It looks well. What an absurdity your drainage system must be. I assure you we would not tolerate it. To pour sewage into your drink! But strange, isn't it, that peculiarity attracted me to your shores. It was the first indication of your whereabouts. On the morning of the third day before we landed as I was on watch I observed we were floating in a strange-looking compound. It was scarcely dawn, but I knew we were not on fresh water; in fact, I noted it. At first I took it to be a branch of the Gulf stream gone bad, but finally concluded that it must be the sewage of some mighty city. I guess I was right too. How long has this been going on?"

"For years, for years," I admitted.

"Is it likely to continue?"

"It is very probable!"

"What! Have you no civic government?"

"Well, we have a mayor and twenty-four aldermen."

I related a short history of the present squabble over the streets, the Esplanade difficulty, the court house racket, etc.

He drew himself up to his full height and dramatically enquired, "Can I see this aggregation of Solons?"

"Come with me," did I laconically reply. Together this strange man from beyond seas and I did wend our way. At sight of that magnificent ruin, the City Hall, Chris rubbed his hands and sniffed the air.

"So like home, so like home," he muttered.

"But on, on. I feel it."

"Feel what?"

"Oh, a conviction."

We entered the chamber of state and beheld a full meeting of the council. Columbus fixed a glittering eye on the gang. He was overjoyed. Without waiting to hear a word spoken he hurried out. "Columbus," I said, "reveal to me this new-made joy which has seized you. What is the matter?"

"Ferdinand bet me ten thousand doubloons before I left that I couldn't find a more stupid body of public men than were at his own court. As they had seriously impeded my plans I demanded large odds and got it. To win, all I have got to do is to get photographs of the entire party in there and the stakes will be mine. I'll back it up with your account of civic mismanagement which you have kindly given me. I am indeed grateful to you. Come and see me next summer, do."

"Thank you, Chris," said I gaily. Our ways parted.

"Remember me to Isabella, Chris."

"I shall. Adios."

C. C. left for Chicago that night. He will do the Fair if he has time.

CHARLES CARLYLE ARNOLD.

## Credited to Inspiration.

THE exciting debate on the Prof. Campbell libel (heresy) case was over and the representatives of the press who were not of the clergy felt that they had kept pace with the discussion. There were those in the Presbyterian General Assembly who had other opinions, and one of them, a clergyman, felt it his duty to intimate that he had fears regarding the accuracy of the report of the proceedings taken by the wielders of soft pencils. He accordingly addressed himself to one of the newspaper men saying:

"I suppose there are many things in the discussion you do not understand?"

"Well?"

"What do you do when you get into such difficulties?"

"Oh, we just credit that to inspiration, put it down and let it go."

ORTHODOX.

## Will the Heavenly Angels Welcome Him So?

IT was at the closing exercises of a ladies' college and the proceedings of the evening consisted of a reception to ministers and elders. A few others were allowed through the strait gate. After the students got over their surprise at the sight of so many men, they began to enquire as to who was who.

"Are you," said the charming spokeswoman of a bevy of beautiful girls, "a minister or an elder?"

"I am neither; I am a newspaper man."

"Girls in chorus—"Good! good! we can talk to you." And they talked. NECTAR.

## At Donovan's Christening.

Mrs. Donovan—If Mrs. Corkey 'il shtop h'atin' her tay over th' candle we's wud hov moor light fr' th' celebration.



My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe  
The breath of Lybian deserts o'er the  
land;

My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,  
And bent before me the pale harvest stand.  
The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,  
And there is thirst and fever in the air;  
The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand;  
I am the Emperor whose name I bear  
—H. W. Longfellow.

## Dawn.

## For Saturday Night.

Night's vigil ceased o'er silent Earth's repose,  
And pale-faced Morn peeped o'er the purple hill  
Reluctantly, but bolder growing, rose,  
With smiling mien, to gaze upon the still,  
Calm features of the universe. Then grew  
The sky to crimson as slowly drew  
The blazing sun in sight, and Morning's chill  
Was warmed by those effulgent rays of gold  
That saw the flowerets of the verdant fields unfold.

Upon the leaf the heavy beaded dew  
Shone forth like tears of gladness in the light.  
From twig to twig the mystic spider threw  
His web of sparkling gossamer in sight;  
From out the marsh the blackbird's thrilling cry  
Called to the songsters in the tree tops high,  
Till one by one they took their winged flight  
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er meadows and o'er streams,  
Rejoicing that the dawn awoke them from their dreams.  
Oh, joyous morn! upon the mountain slope  
Thou sittest in thy mantle bright and gay,  
And unto Nature thou hast brought a hope  
That drives the shadows of the night away.  
Dark was the hour before thy smiling face  
And all the earth displayed a troubled mien;  
But when thy radiant told of coming day  
The spell was broken, and the shadows fled  
To leave a flood of golden glory in their stead.  
MALCOLM W. SPARKS.

## Why?

## For Saturday Night.

Why let anger, passion, sorrow,  
Why let trouble of the morrow  
Break your rest?  
While so young and still so fair,  
Why let anguish and despair  
Rend your breast?  
Why let fruitless, vain desire  
Keep alive that hidden fire  
In your heart?  
Why your pillow wet with tears?  
Why give way to needless fears  
Since we part?  
All the things we hope for, cry for,  
Pray for, rave about and lie for,  
On this earth,  
Those of which we fondly boast,  
Those we covet are, at most,  
Nothing worth.  
Then why, now, so childish seem,  
Snatching at the passing dream  
From above?  
For as fleeting as the light  
After which falls darkest night  
Is this Love.  
SIMON C.

## Long Years After.

## For Saturday Night.

Deep in the dell of the moss grown wood,  
Stealing from care away,  
I laid me down where we two once stood  
One happy summer day;  
And I mused on the long and silent past,  
The shadowy flight of days,  
And sighed for the years that flew too fast  
And hummed regretful lays.  
And I thought of the time when first we came  
And found our fairy dell,  
How we puzzled our brains for a sweeter name  
But called it, "Cupid's Well."  
For there we gazed in the mirroring pool,  
Laughed in each other's eyes,  
And bathed our hands in the waters cool  
And breathed our low love sighs.  
SIDNEY SELLERS.

## The Rainbow.

On a wild cliff that rears its bold crest to the sky  
I stood when the storm-king was raging on high;  
Dark lowered the tempest that spread o'er his brow,  
And like reeds in the wind the tall crags seemed to bow.  
But he soon passed away with his storm banners furled,  
And a sun-side of glory burst forth o'er the world,  
While around the dark East, ere the dawning's dawn,  
Curved the bright bow of peace with its promise divin.  
Beneath the broad arch in the valley below  
Lay the home of the rich, lay the cot of the low;  
There in beauty secluded the hamlet arose,  
And the churchyard beside lay in quiet repose.  
There the aged were waiting in life's sunset tide,  
And the young, they were there in the springtime of pride,  
And the fair, whose soft cheek, with its beauty untold,  
Bore the seal of the grave on its delicate mould.  
There was misery's tear, there were gladness and mirth,  
There was grief that bowed low at the desolate hearth,—  
But the bright bow rose high up to heaven above,  
And clasped all beneath in its ardent love.  
And I thought, O sweet emblem of glory and grace,  
Of a love that clasps all in its fervent embrace;  
Of the sunshine or life, or the gloom of the pall,  
The living, the dead, it encircles them all.  
GEO. E. MERRILEY.

[NOTE.—This is a specimen taken from a book of verse by George E. Merriley, entitled Canadian Melodist and Poems, just issued by Harts & Riddell of Toronto.—Ed.]

## At Cards.

We sat at cards. How sweet she looked!  
Her thoughts all bent on winning,  
She said, "twas plain as any book,  
I peeped, nor thought it sinning,  
And saw she held of hearts the ace,  
A sign of triumph in the race,  
While I had only diamonds.  
Alone we sat. How fair her face!  
Her cheeks twin roses yearning  
To be but plucked. The crimson ace,  
Forsaken heart still burning,  
Unheeded lay. The game was done,  
O strange and strange! We both had won,  
And she, she held a diamond!  
—Worthington's Magazine.

Between You and Me.

"WONDER," I began, as Elsie and I lunched together the other day. "Don't," said Elsie in a sage manner. "Never wonder; if you do you'll be sorry. Whenever people get to wondering about religion, or their neighbors, or—hash, they always make trouble for themselves." (I had been about to wonder what my meal pie was made of.) I have thought of her words many times since, for I've heard a good deal of wondering lately. One woman wondered how somebody could stand something of a domestically unpleasant nature. Another wondered where the money was coming from for a contemplated social plunge. A man wondered whether the Sunday cars would effect our congregation, and if so, how so? In fact, since Elsie told me never to wonder, I have been like Alice in Wonderland, and my ears hear on every side plying, scornful, sarcastic and contemplative, these two forbidden words, "I wonder."

Talking of churches reminds me of a happening lately chronicled in a parish church, way down in the garden of England—Kent. An old gentleman addicted to a very pronounced habit of snoring fell asleep in that church. He snored, and loud, and the congregation was so disturbed by his nasal performance that the church officials had to wake him up. I don't know which or how, whether the rector's churchwarden rattled the contribution box at him, or the sexton pinched him, or the clerk intoned a warning into his ear, or the headle (after the fashion in vogue in regard to small boys) cracked him on the pate with a knobby wand—however they did it, it was so ludicrous in effect and manner that four young men burst out laughing, and even the sexton smiled. Now, anything which would make an ordinary sexton smile in church ought to send four young men into hysterics. We don't have parish clerks here but they are worse than sextons, taken from a hilarious point of view. In spite of all this the person did not pass over the young men's exclamation; he summoned them and had them fined twelve shillings each. I wonder—oh, I forgot—Elsie advises me not to wonder, but really, don't you think a good many three dollars would be paid into court here if old gentlemen and rectors combined to put our Toronto boys in such a corner?

Careless behavior in church is a sign of the times. The old-fashioned spirit of reverence for everything is dying out. It dies hard, as is evidenced by the discussion now on the *tapis* in regard to Sunday car service. It is not always fair to rail against the opponents of this innovation as selfish, unsympathetic or narrow-minded. In many grows, deep rooted, a reverence for the Sabbath which stands before every other consideration and argument. It was born in them, instilled into their childish minds, and still holds its place with regnant power, and to hurt it hurts the very soul life within them, while to uproot it would be well nigh impossible. No argument will accomplish that, the denial of what is in them a sacred impulse and principle, nothing but the chance of the love of man overwhelming the fear of God and winning the consent for the sake of those panting, helpless children, those faded mothers and toiling fathers to whom, for the summer season, the cars might prove a means of securing for a few hours purer air every week and a welcome change of surroundings. Were this the true question at issue, nine-tenths of those who oppose Sunday cars would be able, for the sake of God's poor, to countenance this partial secularization of God's Sabbath, but you and I know that the poor who would be benefited, and the lawless, the idle, and the selfish who would abuse the advantage, are in proportion much the same as the excessive heated term is to the year's twelve months. For this heated term I would have the cars—I would have them free for every mother, father and child who wanted to prowl round High Park, enjoy the jocular influences of the city graveyards, or sniff the pure air of the Island lagoons. I, with my leisure hour-a-day to whizz round the city on my wheel, to occasionally sail across the lake on a Saturday, and to move from one end to the other of the limits any day I please, would dearly love to see every pale factory girl, every tired shop hand, every tinker, tailor and toiler five miles out from St. John's ward every fine Sunday in summer. But the Sunday street cars won't take them, I am afraid. Wait and we shall see!

By the way, I never told anyone of the funny quarter of an hour we spent on our Chicago trip, somewhere away off in the sandy desert around that Western region this side of Chicago. Of course it was on the new Wabash road and something necessitated a stop, and happily we stopped alongside a box car or two which were occupied as boudoir and sleeping apartments by the foreign counts employed on the tracks. The boudoir had been turned into a barber shop as we arrived, and a dusky-faced young navvy, with an incredibly grimy towel round his neck, was sitting patiently on a soap box while a very large man with a tin cup of lather prepared to shave him. Such a barber, and ye tonsorial records! such a razor! It looked as if it had done service at all the darkest assemblies since the war! A regular Goliath of a tool. We, two ladies and two men, gazed in great interest while the young person was barbarized, then we gave a simultaneous "oh!" when the barber deftly twisted him round and lathered and shaved the back of his neck. When he was quite finished and the towel unwound, he stood up and looked out. We complimented and applauded. He hung his head and smiled in acknowledgment. They could scarcely coax the next man into the chair; he seemed nervous, and we pulled down the blinds; he sat down; up went the blinds again, but he was in for it. A diversion occurred just then, for we discovered a laundry party on the opposite side, and spent an amused five minutes in observing the masculine method of doing up a shirt. It was first soaked, then soaked, then the washer, smoked and looked at it. Then he scrubbed and soaped in a cyclone of effort, then suddenly, without any warning, he waved the garment in the air and shook it vigorously, then he took it by the sleeves and tied it round a telegraph pole. All the fence posts, telegraph poles and tree trunks were embraced by dun-colored shirt sleeves. It was funny! LADY GAY.

# The End of an Experiment

## A BICYCLE STORY.

Mrs. Montgomery wrinkled her forehead and sighed a little as she looked after Eleanor, trailing slowly out of the sunny living-room of the country farm-house, where the mother and daughter were located for the summer. Eleanor was too languid for the White Mountains, too blasé for Saratoga, too indifferent for Europe, and her energetic mother had taken medical advice, and medical advice ran as follows: "Take her into the country to some well-to-do farmer's family; let her drink fresh milk and toss hay, and go to bed at nine o'clock." Eleanor abominated milk, scouted the idea of tossing hay and sat up on the balcony until twelve every night. She became more languid and amiable daily, and at the date I chose for your introduction to her was in a condition variously interpreted, to wit: according to herself, "too weary;" according to her mother, "too indolent;" and according to Mrs. Masters, the farm mother, "too lazy" to care whether she lived or died.

"Tell you what, Bob," said the last mentioned personage, "we must do something to stir that gal up. Her ma's just downhearted about her, and I shouldn't wonder but she gives notice and takes her back to New York before July."

Bob Masters scratched his head slowly and pondered. Then a bright thought came. "But they've rented for the season." "Tain't the rent that worries me," said the busy woman, with a shrug. "But I don't like to beat. That gal was sent here to be cured of laziness. It's all that's the matter with her, Bob, and I don't want the cure to fail. Seems to me something should occur to us. An idea might stray our way."

"Hullo!" The clear call made Mrs. Masters and Bob start and look out of the dairy-room door. "Any dogs?" called the same clear voice, and before Mrs. Masters could catch her breath something flashed past the half-basement door of the milk-room and Bob jumped up with a laugh.

"It's one o' them wheelin' cranks," he said, stepping outside the vine-bung doorway. "Hullo! what's wrong?"

"My pneumatic is punctured, and I want to mend it in this shady corner instead of out on that dusty road, if you don't mind," said the same happy-toned voice, and forth stepped a young man in a trim road suit with his handkerchief floating like a havelock down the back of his head, and every symptom of having broiled for some hours in a June sun.

"Cert," said the farmer heartily. "Have some buttermilk! Hand out a gourd full, mother, please."

Mrs. Masters supplied the ice-cool buttermilk, and the cyclist and the farmer sat on the grass and chatted, Bob watching curiously while the wheelman located the puncture and deftly applied the cement.

"Better fun than tossin' hay!" said Bob tentatively.

"That's as you feel," said the cyclist with a smile. "As I rode past that big field down there where the men are working, I just longed



The Masters' Homestead.

to turn in for a day's haymaking. Don't want a hand, do you?" and he laughed quaintly.

"Want half a dozen," said Bob, eying him closely. "Wish you'd bring a company of men from the city yearn! to make hay. I'd give 'em a dollar a day, for I'm mortal scared of rain to-morrow and there's twenty loads of A 1 hay in that big field."

The cyclist stood up. "She's firm now," he said, looking over his wheel. "See here, farmer, I can't wheel for two or three hours; I'll make hay if you'll give me another drink of buttermilk and a slice of bread and butter when I am ready to go."

Bob laughed heartily. "Done, and a good dinner and many thanks," he said. "I'm just waiting for the buttermilk for the men. Are you ready, mother? Well, this chap will help me load the cans. Steady, Jessie! Just take the bridle, mother, the flies bother her. Hullo! Miss Eleanor, won't you ride out to the hay field in the cart? You can ride back as soon as the cans are empty."

The chap swung the tall cans into place and Bob helped Miss Eleanor to the board seat, and gave the lines into her gloved hands. (These gloves were Bob's *belle noir*, but Eleanor would never leave the porch without them.) Very pretty she looked as she sat primly on the narrow board and stiffly held the leathers while old Jessie jogged down the shaded lane to the road. The cyclist and Bob walked on either side, each with a hand on the cart shafts, and as Mrs. Masters stood viewing the procession she laughed quietly and remarked:

"That's a tidy boy and perhaps Bob has made a good bargain."

Bob thought so too, when noon hour came and the wheelman drove Miss Eleanor home in the cart. The lusty, laughing fellow seemed fascinated by the pale, cool, half-supercilious indifference of the languid lady. He drove in his shirt sleeves and Miss Eleanor sat upon his trim jacket, as she had done all the morning, for he had stripped it off and folded it into a cushion for her when she announced her intention of remaining in the hay field until noon. She vouchsafed no word till the cart halted under the tree against which the cycle leaned. Then she dismounted and remarked:

"Is it not hard work?" indicating the wheel by a motion of her right glove.

"Not a bit of it," said the wheelman with a laugh. "I'd made forty miles this morning when I ran over that bit of barbed wire. Don't you ride?"

Miss Eleanor looked at him in tranquil amazement.

"I?" she said.

"Yes; why not?" he answered composedly.

"Oh, I never thought of such a thing. No one does." And she furled her parasol and turned away.

The cyclist drew out the wheel from the tree and pushed it gently to and fro. Then, as Eleanor turned back, he opened his tool bag, and, taking out a pump, proceeded to inflate the collapsed tire. She watched him curiously as he worked the pump, and felt the tire.

"Must it be quite hard?" she asked.

"I'll pump her up harder after dinner," he said, getting off his knees. "Did you ever see a lady's wheel?"

Eleanor confessed her ignorance.

"My sister has one, and she will be boarding here next week. I've just engaged a room for her. She's a teacher and she has been over-worked in school, so I taught her to ride and bought her a wheel, and she'll soon pick up. Perhaps you'd like to try when she comes? She can show you how."

Eleanor drew herself in ever so slightly.

"Thank you. I don't think I ever could."

"Oh, they all say that. I am sure you could learn in a week, and in a fortnight you could do your ten miles like a bird. You're so light and you hold yourself so well."

Eleanor stared at him in dignified silence. He had dropped on his knees again and was putting away his tools and looking seriously at his work as he spoke; she reconsidered her impression; evidently he had no suspicion of her disapproval.

"My sister has improved wonderfully already," he continued. "After all, there's no medicine like a bicycle for a run-down girl. You should really try it. You'd soon feel like a different creature."

Eleanor did not resent this personal turn. She was unfortunately accustomed to such advice and her health had been the text of countless sermons. She sighed and gathered up her skirts and without another word walked slowly to the balcony. The cyclist looked after her curiously, and after shaking his head several times remarked: "She really ought to have a wheel!"

### II.

Bob laughed more heartily than usual when his new haymaker proposed staying until the big meadow was cleared and the hay safe under cover.

"You might have dropped from the clouds just when I was prayin' for you," he said. "If you're serious, why all I can say is, stay. You've done two men's work this day and to-morrow I'll rig you out in another suit. Those wheelin' togs are too hot and too tight for hay-makin'."

The wheelman rode to the village nearest the farm and sent a telegram to a cycle firm in New York that evening, which much interested the lady operator. It read as follows: "Send lady's No. 13 to Masterville to-morrow," and the signature was an enigma worse than the telegram, for it consisted only of the following figures: 1-93. The lady operator looked favorably upon the cyclist, for he was handsome and muscular and humorous, and his bright face and clear voice made a spot of sunshine in her quiet, gray-toned life.

When Miss Eleanor watched the men going to work in the early morning next day she did not recognize the trim cyclist in Bob's harvesting shirt and breeches and a wide-brimmed straw hat, but she had quite a turn when she came across a pair of blue knee breeches and a jersey spread upon the hedge to air, and saw the blue jacket hung over the handle-bars of the wheel.

"Is the bicycle man ill?" she asked of Mrs. Masters.

"I hope not," said the farm mother heartily. "Though he ate enough supper last night to kill him. Bob says he is a mascot, for never a drop of rain fell last night, and they'll have the hay in the barn to-night."

"I wonder who he is?" The words dropped unconsciously from Miss Eleanor's lips, as she stood under the porch. Mrs. Masters smiled but made no reply, probably because she never cared to own her ignorance on any subject. Miss Eleanor strolled over to the bicycle and examined the tire.

"It is quite hard," she said. "What a curious thing it is. Ow!" A cry of distress summoned Mrs. Montgomery and the farm mother, and they found Eleanor vainly trying to replace the wheel which her gentle touch had set rolling and which now lay capsized in the manner of wheels, utterly inexplicable to the unwary meddler.

"I only touched it," she cried. "Oh, do you think it is broken?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Masters shortly. "There, leave it lying down," as Eleanor executed a wild *pas seul* round the wheel to avoid its erratic gyrations. "If it's broke I guess he can mend it. There, Miss Eleanor, you can't stand it firm; just leave it lying; he'll think it blew down."

Mrs. Montgomery laughed at Eleanor's distress. "Were you trying to ride?" she said mischievously. "Really, Eleanor, I had no idea you were such a tomboy."

"If I've broken it, what shall I do?" sighed Eleanor, picking up the jacket and folding it neatly. "Doesn't it look awfully crooked? I'm sure it's broken, mother."

A letter fluttered from the jacket pocket and as she picked it up she involuntarily read the address, "Frank Amyot." The street and number were below but Eleanor had no petty curiosity and quickly thrust the letter into the first pocket she found and laid the jacket on the grass beside the wheel. However, she felt somewhat pleased to be aware of the name of the stranger who, for aught she knew, might have a heavy bill of damages against her for a wrecked and ruined wheel. She dared not

come down to dinner, and in the afternoon the wheel disappeared and she saw it no more. About six o'clock as she wandered up and down the lane a bright voice came ringing across the fence, and as she turned she saw the cyclist wheeling slowly down the road with a second wheel at his side. "Please open the gate," was what he called, and with an eagerness born half of penitence and half of curiosity she quickly flung open the farm gate and stood aside.

"Oh, Miss Eleanor, I beg your pardon, I did not recognize you. Please excuse me for shouting," and the wheelman jumped down and walked between the two wheels. The road was rutty and his progress slow.

"I'll just leave one of them here and come back for it," he said.

"Couldn't I—?" Eleanor hesitated.

"Why, of course. You might take this one," and he calmly handed her the smaller wheel. She essayed to wheel it and it acted as wheels do in the hand of the novice. The wheelman took no heed of the young lady's erratic course, and presently Eleanor mastered the jibing bicycle and wheeled it circumspectly to the shade of the tree by the milk-house.

"That's a lady's wheel," said the stranger when the two were stacked against the tree. "I am going to give it to my sister for a birthday present—when she comes to the country."

Eleanor was eying the other, and she stammered: "Did I—do anything to your wheel? Is it—broken?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

She crimsoned. "I was looking at it this morning and I knocked it down!" she said hurriedly. "I couldn't make it stand up properly."

He laughed. "I don't think you'd break my bicycle," he said with a glance at her slight figure and pale face, momentarily flushed in suspense. "There was a scrap of grass on one



The Old Barn.

pedal and I found my jacket folded up, or I should never have known anyone had touched the byke." He felt in his pockets. "I had a letter from my sister yesterday, which I was going to show you—that you might see how she loves her wheel. Where can it be?"

Once more Eleanor's face flamed.

"It fell out—when the wheel turned over. I think I put it in a wrong pocket. Have you any more?" she stammered.

"Here it is!" and once more he looked quickly at her. "May I read it to you?"

"I should like it very much," Eleanor scarcely knew what she said, and did not in the least care to hear, but the quick glance put the last morsel of her composure to flight.

Did the horrid man think she had looked at his letter? Oh, misery! did he really think so? And in her ears a little chime kept ringing, "Frank Amyot."

"My own dear Frank," began the cyclist, (you see, that's my name) he interpolated, (now we are even as to information, Miss Eleanor—each knows the other's christian name). "I have just come in from a long ride and I feel so happy and well that I must say 'thank you' to the best of brothers—(me, Miss Eleanor) for opening up such a world of health and pleasure to a physical and mental invalid. That's what she says about wheeling and I'm quite sure it's true."

Miss Eleanor stood silent for a moment, then she said quietly: "I know your other name, it is on the envelope. Mine is Montgomery—and—mamma—this is Mr. Frank Amyot."

Mrs. Montgomery was one of those delightfully cordial and happy people whom it is easy to know. Miss Eleanor slipped away and left her mother with the cyclist and the two were soon busily chatting of New York in the manner of fellow citizens. The last sentence was spoken by Mrs. Montgomery: "By all means try the experiment." Eleanor, meanwhile, was sitting behind the shadow of the vines which wreathed her bedroom window, looking curiously through the verdant screen towards the tall oak tree against whose rough trunk was leaning the prettiest little bicycle imaginable, and as she slowly came down the narrow stairs she wondered much at several things, most of all at the fairness of the evening sunset, the flush upon her own cheeks and the appetite she had developed since morning. It all seemed so natural afterwards that she could not see anything astonishing in it. The after-supper talk ran upon wheels and wheeling; her mother was positively inquisitive about the delights and difficulties thereof; she announced her intention of learning to ride some day, with a bright laugh at the idea of her two hundred pounds upborne by any device so dainty as the pretty wheel which Mr. Amyot pushed gently back and forth before her. Mr. Amyot, by turns haymaker and cavalier, had puzzled her propensities but she had evidently come to satisfactory conclusions regarding him. Somehow it was her suggestion that Eleanor should try to mount Miss Amyot's wheel, and after sundry shrinkings and flushings Miss Eleanor was induced to adjourn to a desirably smooth part of the road in company with her mother and Mr. Amyot, and take a riding lesson. It ended abruptly in a flood of tears, and a solemn declaration from Miss Eleanor that she "never, never, never—"

Mrs. Montgomery and Mr. Amyot politely agreed with her in her vague declarations and she wheeled the pretty bicycle home in the moonlight while Mr. Amyot gave his arm to Mrs. Montgomery. Occasionally the elder lady's portly frame would tremble and a suppressed smile would creep round her lips as she looked at Miss Eleanor solicitously guiding Miss Amyot's wheel and studiously avoiding Mr. Amyot's glances. Why Mrs. Montgomery smiled Mr. Amyot only knew. Another field of clover was being turned into hay, and Bob was only too glad when Mr. Amyot promised to stay.

"If it suits you to make hay, it suits us to have you," said the farmer heartily. "Only it

seems rather a fraud for you to do two men's work for your board—and clothes," he added, with a smile at Mr. Amyot's occupancy of his harvesting suit.

"I'm happy," answered the amateur farmer composedly, and fell into line behind the conscience-troubled Bob.

Miss Eleanor sighed continually and seemed to be overburdened with despondency. Two or three evenings after the *fiasco* of her first riding lesson, Mr. Amyot found her standing beside the wheels, deep in thought.

"Are you ready for another lesson?" he said in the most matter-of-course tones. "It's cool this evening, and I think you might as well try again."

"If you do, will you please excuse me; I am very busy, but I will go and meet you," said Mrs. Montgomery.

Eleanor checked a sigh into a gasp. Surely, after all, he could not be in earnest, but he was, for he swung out Miss Amyot's wheel to Miss Eleanor, and swung out his own and calmly proceeded down the lane, and Miss Eleanor meekly followed. An hour afterwards, as Mrs. Montgomery was preparing to grope her way to the gate, a loud peal of laughter, followed by a squeak, came ringing up the highroad. It was not Mr. Amyot's laughter, and the squeak was unmistakably the squeak of a juvenile porker. Mrs. Montgomery sat down again.

"I do declare," she said to the cat, "I haven't heard Eleanor laugh like that since she wore long dresses."

Miss Eleanor presently arrived, leaning on Mr. Amyot's arm, who supported the lady on one side and the wheel on the other.

"Oh, mother, I went alone! and oh, mother, I nearly killed a little pig! Oh, I am so tired," Bob and Mrs. Masters were in the milk-house when the breathless, merry cry came floating into the quiet, cool place.

"Mother," said Bob with a glint of unwonted mirth in his grave eyes, "I guess that's the sort of a spoon you wanted to stir that gal up."

One month later two young people stood at the gate of the shady lane. They were girls in the first flush of womanhood. The elder was a plain creature with a quiet, thoughtful face, a firm mouth and a broad intellectual brow. The brightness of health sparkled in her brown eyes and every line of her well built frame was full of grace and force combined. The other girl was taller, slighter, with a delicate flush on her oval cheek, and a suspicion of tremulous agitation on her sensitive lips.

"Ruth," she said, looking down at the dusty road, "would you like me for a sister?"

The brown-faced young woman opened her eyes and mouth, then she carefully deposited a bicycle, on which she leaned, against the fence. Then she came and took the slight girl into a bear's-hug embrace.

"You little darling!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "You blessed sweet thing! And this is the end of the experiment!"

Miss Eleanor (for it was Miss Eleanor) meekly laid her head down on Ruth Amyot's shoulder.

"Yes," she said softly. "You can have your dear old wheel now and welcome, Ruth. Mr. Amyot—Frank, has sent me down a new one."

In a society paper of the last week in August a paragraph read as follows:

"Mr. Frank Amyot, the clever young barometer from New York, was married on Thursday to Miss Eleanor Montgomery, at the Masterville church. A large party of ladies and gentlemen cyclists wheeled out to attend the wedding, and a lovely wedding breakfast was served on the lawn of Mr. Robert Masters' farm, where the bride and groom had been rusticated during the summer. The wedding tour will include a wheel through Scotland, as both Mr. and Mrs. Amyot are enthusiastic cyclists." GRACE E. DENISON.

### Hard Times Recalled

Little Girl—Was your folks poor when you were a little girl?

Grandma—We thought we were, my dear. We were pioneer farmers, and lived in a log cabin; but it was large and comfortable; the floors were warmly carpeted; we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. But we raised everything ourselves and made our own cloth. We had no money to go to stores, even if we had been near any, and so we felt very poor. There were two things we were all fond of, and oh! how we longed for them and how we wished we could afford them; but we couldn't, and it made us feel very miserable to be so poor. Those two things were salt mackerel and store molasses.

Little Girl—Ooo! Why, what did you have to eat then?

Grandma—Nothing but beef, mutton, chicken, venison, quail, squirrels, wild ducks, brook trout and such things, and as for molasses, we hadn't anything but maple syrup.—Good News.

### Geographically Fortunate

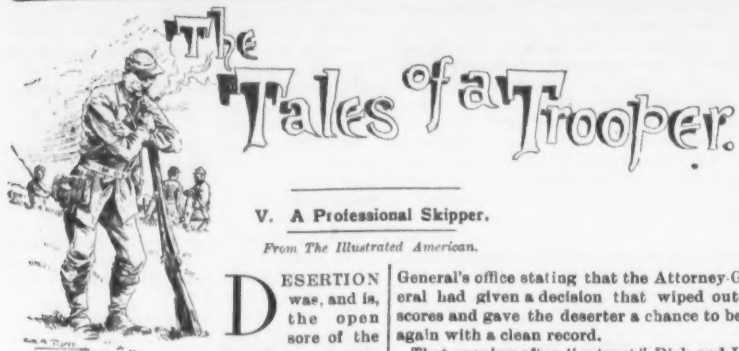


Corporal Blunt (looking at the cannon ball behind him)—Mein Gott it was fortunate that my stomach was not on the other side of me, or I had been a corpse.—Fleigende Blätter.

### On Wall Street.

Officer (to Pat, just landed, and who is acting rather suspiciously)—"I have been watching you for an hour, poking around in hallways and corners of this street. What are you looking for?"

Pat—O! heard that there was a pile of money lost here in a corner t-day an' O! t'ought mebbe as how O! might find it.



### V. A Professional Skipper.

From The Illustrated American.

Like all other evils, it has its causes. In the old days when the frontier was the frontier, harsh treatment, bad food, hard service in the field, the monotony of garrison life, and the lack of amusements and recreations in the isolated and shabby little posts were among the causes that impelled men to desert their colors.

Among the enlisted men desertion was regarded as a very venial offence; and it was held that men who were ill-treated had a right to desert; men who were discontented ought to desert; and men who were found to be rogues were encouraged to desert by public sentiment and certain rude but significant hints.

This constant depletion of the ranks by desertion, and the great expense in transporting recruits to distant stations, as well as the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the hard and unromantic service of the plains, made the evil a very serious problem for the War Department to solve.

Fort Wingate, situated on the slopes of the Zuni Mountains in Campbell's Pass, New Mexico, being without telegraphic communication with the inner world, suffered a great deal from desertion.

After each visit of the paymaster there was a decrease in the ranks and stables of the garrison. The officers were used to it; the men expected it; and the flight of these military birds of passage became one of the pleasing excitements of the post. They furnished a week's holiday for a pursuing party, which chased the fugitives as far as San Mateo, where they remained to have a good time with the daughters of the town as long as their cash lasted, and then returned leisurely to the post, to report that the deserters had escaped.

In the ease and safety of "skipping," as it was termed in army slang, the cavalryman had an advantage over the mere infantry man. While the poor "doughboy" deserter was hiding in the hills by day and tramping over dusty trails by night, with a heavy "long Tom" on his shoulder, the cavalry "skipper" was riding gaily to freedom, careless of pursuit, able and willing to stand off any too officious civil officer, confident that his comrades would not bother him unless he ran into their arms, and certain that his good troop horse was worth a hundred dollars in the settlement, when he had cunningly burned out the U. S. brand with a red-hot currycomb.

The experience of Fort Wingate was duplicated in every Western post; and soldiers deserted in parts of the country and reached civilization when it was deemed hazardous for armed trains to travel. Strange as it may appear, men never deserted in the field during an Indian campaign; it was garrison dullness that made deserters, not the fighting and hard riding of plains and sierras.

In 1875 General Grant issued a proclamation pardoning all deserters who surrendered to the military authorities and returned to their colors. The President wisely concluded that this would bring back a number of men into the army and stop the outflow for a while, but he hardly realized the story it would tell in the army itself. At Wingate the proclamation was the universal subject of talk in the company quarters, and conjectures were made as to the number of men who would avail themselves of its clemency. Out of a total strength of eighty men in my own company, some twenty reported themselves as "skippers."

Then we began to hear from posts in Arizona, Utah, Kansas, Texas, Dakota, in fact from all parts of the American military world, from men who were getting in out of the rain, and, *per contra*, there was a constant demand for the records of elusive soldiers who in times past had slipped away unostentatiously and were now willing to return to their first love.

The most interesting of all this host of prodigals to me, was a quiet, smart, clean, well-set-up fellow in my own company, named Dick Brandon, who modestly admitted twenty-three desertions. Dick had evidently been on the move for years and had a nervous objection to remaining long anywhere. What troubled Dick, now that his desertions were wiped out, was the haunting dread of the big charges that went with his "skipping."

The captain of a company in the army is responsible to the government for every piece of property in his case, and he must account for it or pay for it. Now, the most painstaking officer in the world loses things, and unless they are covered some way the unlucky officer would never draw a cent on his pay certificate. Hence the military sarcasm hurled at a soldier when he loses a cartridge or anything else: "Lost it, did you? Well, you'll find it on your muster roll!"

Now, a smart quartermaster sergeant found a convenient outlet for all losses in desertion. When a man skipped he was charged with not only all he actually took, but with all that the frugal quartermaster sergeant had lost. This was simple and effective. The extent and variety of property alleged to be stolen by deserters would stagger anybody except an experienced company quartermaster sergeant or a dull department auditor. They knew from experience that a deserter was capable of stealing anything from a ramrod to a battery of artillery.

When the last of Dick Brandon's accounts came in we figured it out that he owed Uncle Sam about \$4,000; and as he ruefully scratched his head, Dick guessed he would be ready for the soldier's home by the time the bill was settled. He began to grow uneasy and was about ready to skip, when the buckboard from Santa Fe brought ease to his mind and balm to his soul. A letter came from the Adjutant

General's office stating that the Attorney-General had given a decision that wiped out old scores and gave the deserter a chance to begin again with a clean record.

That evening after "retreat" Dick and I sat on our bunks polishing belts, cleaning brasses, burnishing our sabre scabbards and getting things ready for guard mounting next morning, for Dick was a great fellow "to run for orderly."

As we smoked and talked and polished I wormed some of Dick's experiences out of him. "Say, Dick," I asked, "what was your first enlistment?"

"Well," said Dick with a laugh, "my first soldiering was sailing. I listed in the marines and was sent down to a fly-blown hole in Florida. The heat, the bugs, and the style of the marine officers sickened me, so I resigned."

"Resigned!" I queried.

"Gave them a French resignation, you know. I struck New Orleans in a Cuban banana boat, dead broke, and joined a company of "doughboys" at Baton Rouge. That place was worse than Florida. The first pay day settled me, and I took a trip up the river. They charged me with two rifles, a dozen brooms, and a wheelbarrow on my muster roll, when I skipped. Handy thing for a deserter, a wheelbarrow! I often wonder that they did not charge me with Tom Gorman's wife, who lit out with a coon about the time I retired."

"Where did you go, Dick?—St. Louis?"

"Yes! Thought I'd take a flyer in the cavalry. Got sick of old Bully Welch there, and was glad enough to go with a detachment to the Third in Arizona. Well, that's a lovely country to get away from. If there's a hell on earth, Arizona is the place. I was stationed at Verde, and the malaria, bad grub, and Apache chasing changed my views of the cavalry. Three of us skipped the first time the paymaster got round, and we worked down through Apache Pass into New Mexico with our hair all right. We struck the settlements, sold our horses and separated. I worked down to El Paso and went broke on a monte game. I went over to Fort Bliss and "took" another blanket. I liked soldiering there first-rate and got the chevrons, but the captain "broke" me for raising a row downtown and thumping a greaser. That made me mad, so I went on the retired list once more. That quartermaster sergeant was a daisy, and as I was a chum of his, he socked it to me—charged me with a six-mule harness, a grindstone, two spades, a "long Tom," and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Just you think of me a-hoofing it across the desert between Quitman and Davis with a grindstone under my arm! Must have thought I wanted it to sharpen my appetite. I got a job as a teamster at Fort Clark, but I ran across a fellow I knew at Baton Rouge, and as he was always hard up and had an idea I was a bank, I concluded to go East."

"And then?" I inquired.

"Then," resumed Dick, "I guessed I had all the West I wanted for a while, so I honored the artillery. I made a mistake. I was in a fort where you could see nothing but sea and sand, and where it was cold enough to freeze a brass monkey. Lord! but the artillery is tough and dull! All guard duty and polishing; no mountains, no plains; all buttons and drill. That heavy artillery made a flying artillery man of me. I waited for pay day and left without leaving any address. Well, my muster roll caught it. They landed me on the pay roll for a caisson and fifty rounds of fixed and strapped ammunition and other trifles."

"Draw it mild, Dick," I suggested.

"Well, if they didn't," said Dick earnestly, "may I be 'bob-tailed.' I put out for the West and 'listed in Covington in the 'doughboys' again, like a fool. I was just in time to be rounded up for a batch of 'Johnnies' going to Montana, the worst lot of fresh fish I ever got into. Tough? Well! Say! I hooped it all day and stood guard every other night. We had a chap just appointed from civil life in command, and he was scared to death. And the grub! Well! Let that go. We got to our post and we had to build new stables for the cavalry. Fatigue duty every day and dress parade every night made life hardly worth living. Then I was detailed to guard a railroad survey. That was exciting, for the Sioux had a spite against us; but I concluded thirteen dollars a month was too small a bet to 'sake my scalp against. Four of us said good-bye by day and tramping by night. Once more I figured as a big thief on the muster roll. The post quartermaster-sergeant sold six mules to a freighter and the team turned up on my pay roll, with plunder enough to start a sutler's store."

"Well, go on, Dick," I said.

"Oh, to make a long story short, I kept getting in and getting out all the time. Had to keep going and changing my name, for I was always running into some fellow that knew me. Not many fellows will blow on you—but you can't help thinking they will. Then a fellow that knows you have a skip against you finds you very convenient to borrow tobacco from and money, and a chap winds up by getting out. Now, there's Mackey who just joined. He was with me in the Nineteenth. I was nervous about him, though he never pretended to know me; but he owned up to four himself. I'm going to stick this time and get out square and fair with a clean discharge, for I'm sick and tired of running away like a rabbit."

Dick made a good soldier and got a sergeant's chevrons; but he never served his enlistment out. He was smoking a cigar in a saloon in Las Cruces two years later, when two fellows had a row and pulled pistols on each other. Both fired. One was killed and his bullet missed his man and went through Dick's head, killing him instantly.

We buried him in the little graveyard there, and every man chipped in his dollar to put a stone over the head of poor Dick Brandon, the "professional skipper."

JOSEPH SMITH.

Notes.—In regular army slang a "doughboy" is an infantry man. A "skipper" is a deserter. "Taking a blanket" is re-enlisting in the army. The deserter soldier in the guard is usually selected for the commanding officer's orderly during his tour of duty; the pris: gives the orderly his night in bed; the preparations incident to obtaining this pris: are called "running for orderly." When a man is dishonorably discharged, the "character" is cut off his discharge, and he is said to have been "bottled." The guardhouse is called "the cat's paw." A private soldier is a "dog robber." A court-martial fine is a "billed." The infantry rifle is a "long Tom." The comrade who shares his blanket with his friend becomes his "bunkie." A private soldier is a "buck." A battalion of recruits going to a regiment has a number of temporary or lance non-coms; these are known as "prairie" sergeants and corporals.

### The Adventures of Jones.

V.—THE CAT MOTOR.

"Speaking of cats," said Jackson Peters, in an easy tone, turning around sidewise in his chair, "I want to—"

"But, Jackson," interposed Jones gently and with a touch of weariness in his voice, "let us approach this profitable and diverting narrative of yours with a clear understanding of where we are and what we are doing. Favor your expectant audience, Jackson, with an exact statement as to who was speaking of cats."

"Well, Robinson said he was kept awake all last night, and I supposed it was cats, of course. It's usually cats, you know. As I started to say—"

"Jackson, you jump at conclusions like a man writing history. You show yourself better fitted for a geologist than a story-teller. In point of fact, Robinson was kept awake by your improbable tale of railroad experiences in Arizona, where, you told us, they run over a steer whenever they want a steak in the dining-car. Quite enough to keep anybody awake, Jackson. Now, speaking of cats, since a definite person has spoken of cats, let me relate a little experience of my own which I had with them when I lived in Milwaukee. You know one of my greatest hobbies is the extraction of latent energy. I cannot rest when I see stored-up force, and work which that force might be doing. This brought about my great tramp motor, of which I have told you. In that, you will remember, I constructed a pair of front steps on the principle of a tread-mill, on which I kept the tramp by an ingenious system of old bayonets, which rose up behind him, till his entire latent energy had been extracted. I baited my motor with my grand-mother—as you must recollect, a most benevolent-appearing and tramp-attracting old gentlewoman, whose features, fortunately, I was allowed largely to inherit. Ah, I can see the dear old lady yet, in white cap, sitting there on the stoop in the warm spring sunlight, knitting, and looking mildly over her spectacles at another two hundred-pound tramp coming trustfully up the gravel walk—like a lamb, gentlemen, to the slaughter!"

"But to my cat idea. I had a large cork and bang factory in Grand avenue, and I needed power to run my machinery. You know, of course, that there is an immense amount of stored-up electricity in a cat. The problem for inventors has been to invent a way to extract it profitably. Franklin looked into the subject. His idea was to tie the cat to a kite string by her tail and let her skate along across the country, the friction between the cat and the face of nature generating the electricity, the same afterwards to be extracted from the kite by induction; but the plan was too expensive. For five years it was impossible to keep a cat in the neighborhood of Menlo Park. Thomas A. Edison was working every night on the same problem; but he, too, failed. More fortunate than they, I succeeded—chiefly, I believe, because I approached the subject scientifically. In the rear of my factory I constructed a one-story circular building, some sixty feet in diameter. On the floor of this I coiled a glass pipe six inches in diameter. The first coil ran around the outside of the room, the coils gradually growing smaller, till the last, in the center, was no larger than this table. It gave me something like a mile of pipe. The top and sides of this pipe were lined with rather stiff hair brushes, the bristles being a little more than an inch in length."

"At that time Milwaukee was overrun with cats. It was impossible to sleep nights. I put a notice in the paper that I would pay ten cents a dozen for prime cats, delivered at my factory. I got sixty dozen in the first day, and stored them in the basement of the power-house. The motor operated thus: Placing in the outer end of the glass pipe an imitation rat, made of rubber and propelled by a small interior storage battery, I would then adjust a cat immediately behind it. The rubber rat would start off at a terrific rate—it was made to go through the mile of tubing in from two to three minutes—and the cat, of course, followed furiously, thinking to catch the supposed animal throughout the entire distance. Gentlemen, it was exciting to watch a healthy, active cat whip about those spirals, with the mechanical rat about a foot ahead, and going like a cannon-ball. The cat's back and sides rubbed against the brushes, and her electricity was thus extracted. With a storage battery, and by sending a cat through every five minutes, I generated enough electricity to operate my entire plant, light my factory and sell power to run neighboring passenger elevators and small machinery. It also took the yowl out of the cats and gradually the city became quiet. At the end of a week a cat could be caught and used again, an advantage which my tramp-motor did not possess, as even the most bland smile of my dear old grandmother could seldom lure on a tramp the second time."

There was silence around the table for a full minute after Jones stopped. Then Peters arched his eyebrows and slowly said: "Jones, the weak point of your stories is always the end. You build up some marvelous—I will not say impossible—structure, and then give a lame and impotent reason for its failure or final disappearance. Now I dare say a comet struck your cat-motor, or something of that sort."

An expression almost of indignation mantled the placid features inherited from a benevolent grand-mother as Jones turned to Peters and said: "You do me an injustice, Jackson. You might have heard the conclusion before making your comments. Nothing happened to that cat-motor; it is there yet. When I left Milwaukee I sold the factory to a man named Pumpernickel. He operates it still. He has also added the business of beer-bottling. On that very bottle standing before you, you



### A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugared up that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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will observe the words, 'Bottled by Pumpernickel, Grand avenue.' That cork which you hold idly in your hand was shaped and forced into the bottle by cat-power—a cat-power, Jackson, which I conceived, invented, perfected, and for five years operated. It goes on the same to-day as ever, except that Pumpernickel, with the addition of the bottling, now runs through a cat every two minutes instead of every five. The next time you are in Milwaukee, go and see it; it is near the river and on the north side of the street."

Jones turned in his chair and looked out of the window with a patient, resigned air.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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**MARTIN McMILLAN, 431 Yonge St.**

## Cricket Notes.

**T**HE crushing defeat that Ottawa received at the hands of Toronto was a big surprise to those interested in the game, and a more complete reversal of what happened last year could hardly be imagined. At one stage of the game it looked as if Toronto would pile up a very tall score, 5 wickets being down for 47, of which McLaughlin and Goldingham made 24, 10 and 14 respectively, both men playing good cricket. Fleury and Terry put an entirely different complexion on the game, and for a time completely mastered the bowling. Little, Turton, Bristowe and Steele were all tried in turns during the partnership of these two and the last named bowler, who appeared to trouble the batsmen most, finally effected the separation by bowling Fleury for a well played, useful 30, 24 of which had been put on during his partnership with Terry. The latter was in good form and made some beautiful strokes, his late cutting being greatly appreciated. When Fleury was out Terry had made 23 out of 92, and he scored rapidly after that, adding 60 to his individual score while four men made 13 between them and 11 extras were added on. His innings of 63 not out included 5 fours, 3 threes, 13 twos and 8 singles. He gave one very noticeable chance to long off when he lifted one of Steele's, but the fielder failed to get under it. The Ottawa fielding round the wickets was not bad, but there were several mistakes made out in the long field. Steele had the best bowling average for Ottawa, 22 runs for 3 wickets; Bristowe, 54 runs for 4 wickets; Little, 31 runs, 2 wickets; Turton, 32 runs, 1 wicket. The downfall of the Ottawa men was very rapid, and at no stage of the innings can it be said that any successful resistance was made to the bowling. Little was given out to a very sharp catch by Goldingham, which looked extremely like a bump-ball. Bristowe unfortunately played on, and Ackland, who partnered Sheppard for some time at the slowest stage of the game, ran himself out for 2. Sheppard was the only man to get double figures for his side in the first innings, for which he played very careful, well judged cricket. He is not a brilliant batsman, but he is certainly a sure one. It is a pity that Ottawa did not put him on to bowl, as he has the reputation of being a good slow bowler. Boucher made 9 in good style, but did not get much opportunity to show his great batting powers, as the last five wickets went down very rapidly for only 9 runs in five overs. The Toronto bowling analysis reads:

Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Laine.....12	6	12	5
Allison.....5	1	11	3

These figures need no comment and the bowlers are to be congratulated upon their performance, especially as the fielders did not do anything very brilliant. Indeed, taken all round, the fielding seen on Tuesday of last week cannot be compared with that seen during the inter-Varsity match. Ottawa followed on and did somewhat better in their second innings. Sheppard again came out on top with 30, Turton made 19 and Warden 11. The last named is decidedly out of form, but, as he says, lying on the deck of a steamer during a two months' trip to Alaska may be a good way to put on the amount of tissue which is considered a necessary qualification in those striving after aldermanic honors, but it tells on a man when he has to play cricket under a hot sun. Sheppard and Turton made a good stand, and with the score 6 for 70, it looked as if Ottawa might do something to uphold its reputation. Sheppard and Boucher were not out, the pro. was well set and then came another surprise. At 79 Boucher was given out and the other men followed, one after the other, without scoring, 4 wickets for no runs.

Saturday was a red letter day for the Upper Canada College boys, who won their annual match with Trinity College school by 47. The consensus of opinion is that the best eleven won and there is no doubt that on Saturday's form the victors were the best men. In batting there was no very great difference and the scores show exactly the same features. In the first innings of the U. C. C., Moss and Boulbee made 20 and 16 out of 60, or more than half the runs, while for Trinity, S. Cartwright and Gamble put up 14 and 16 out of 53. In the second innings Walde played away from every other batsman for 44, and his score with that of Eby 11 and Hoskyn 14 decided the match. In the second innings of Trinity the two Cartwrights led off with the only kind of play that could possibly decide the match in favor of Port Hope, good, steady cricket, giving no chances and taking no risks, but they were not seconded by any of the other players; in fact, J. Cartwright was the only man who got double figures, 20. His brother's innings was one of the peculiar features of the match, for although he did not make a single run he was in while 25 were being scored. In bowling, fielding and wicket-keeping the home eleven were immeasurably superior to their opponents. Counsel is infinitely better behind the stumps than Cartwright, who missed several opportunities of distinguishing himself, and showed a great inclination to take the ball before the wickets. In fielding, the U. C. C. showed up to greater advantage than their opponents, who made numerous mistakes in the first innings and gave 9 extras; they improved considerably in the second innings of U. C. C., who were only accredited with 4 extras. DuMoulin at point, however, was good throughout the game. On the other hand I have seen the home eleven field a great deal better than they did in the second innings of Port Hope. In bowling, again there was no comparison between the eleven, Port Hope being without any change bowlers, while there is no very great difference between T. MacMaster, Hoskyn, Boulbee and F. Walde, while for speed Ellis is not a whit behind Senkler, neither is he more erratic. I was sorry to see E. MacMaster not balled for throwing but it is in the interest of the game that throwing should be promptly stopped. Coming to individual play, F. Walde may be called the hero of the match with 40 runs in two innings and a bowling analysis of 6 wickets for 21 runs; Moss made 27 runs in the match by very

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good cricket and fielded very well at point; Eby 13, Hoskyn 17, and Boulbee 19 were the other batsmen who most materially helped U. C. C., the last named also having obtained 6 wickets for 20 runs. The bowling analysis reads:

	Trinity School.			
	Overs.	Maidens	Runs.	Wickets
Senkler.....	17	7	22	5
S. Cartwright.....	17	6	20	4
	U C College			
T. MacMaster.....	10	3	19	1
F. Walde.....	15	6	21	6
Boulbee.....	1	1	0	1
Hoskyn.....	6	3	13	0

Trinity School  
Senkler.....17 9 30 0  
Cartwright.....14 4 36 3  
Lacombe.....10 3 17 1  
Gamble.....5 2 7 3  
U. C. College  
T. MacMaster.....10 6 7 5  
Boulbee.....11 3 20 5  
Senkler bowled a lot of maidens, 16 out of 34, and at one period during the first innings of U. C. C. eight overs were sent down for only one run.

Toronto gained another big victory this week owing chiefly to the batting of Terry and Cameron. The former put up 84 in great style, his innings including a large number of four hits to the great delight of the spectators. Cameron's innings of 59 was a good display of cricket and will help to bring up the ex-Trinity man's average. These two players put up 143 out of 176, and five men made duck eggs. It was greatly to Hamilton's credit that only two extras were obtained throughout the big innings of Toronto, while the latter gave no less than eighteen.

Rosedale piled up the biggest score of the season in local cricket on Saturday, when they kept East Toronto in field while 260 were being scored, of which McDonald made 69, Lyon 70, Stephenson 31 and Howard 22. For East Toronto, Berry took 6 wickets for 55 runs, which is a good analysis when the total score is taken into consideration.

I have received a letter from Mr. Berry, secretary of East Toronto, anent the failure of that club to fulfil its Pickering engagement, a fact which I commented upon somewhat severely in last week's notes. Mr. Berry apologized to Pickering both by wire and by letter for his inability to send down an eleven, thus he is personally free from any stigma which my words may have tended to fix upon him, a fact which does not relieve the club from blame. D. G.

## To Invade the United States.

TORONTO, ONT., June 26. Another announcement of interest is made by The Dodge Medicine Company, Ltd., of this city, to the effect that they have decided to establish a factory and warehouse at Buffalo, N.Y., in order to supply the growing demand for Dodge's Kidney Pills in the United States. This remedy has never been advertised or placed on sale in the United States, but the popularity of the remedy and the news of its successes in Canada quickly reached the people of the neighboring republic, and orders have poured in, unsolicited, from every State in the Union. The capacity of the Toronto factory is taxed to supply the Canadian market and the management feel that they can only do justice to both foreign and home demands by invading the United States and establishing a depot and factory there.

## Modern Methods.

New Business Manager (discussing projects for putting *Daily Reliance* on its feet). In the first place we want to get out a paper twice the present size; then, reduce expenses by cutting telegraph down two-thirds, discharging all but two or three of the reporters, and—Managing Editor—But, what on earth will we fill the paper with?

New Business Manager—Why, with coupons of course!

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
Dr. Chas. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as an accessory in cases of melancholia and nervous debility, and as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

## A High Church Dog.

"He's smart-lookin' fer a dog. Where'd ye git him?"  
"He came in the yard Thursday and my wife gave him some meat—that was yesterday. Today I gave him some more, and he wouldn't eat it. Guess he's sick."

"Now! You jes' take him up to Father McDaniels and get the reward. I know he was no ordinary dog."

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## Perfection.

"He's what you might call a perfect man; he never does anything wrong."  
"Indeed, in that case he must be. How did he manage to acquire such perfection?"  
"He never did anything."

## The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."  
The New York Central, by the introduction of its Empire State express, has perhaps to a greater degree than any other force on this continent, aided this shrinking process. It is now possible, by taking this fastest train in the world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, at your usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7.50 a.m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10.30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks, general agent New York Central, Buffalo, N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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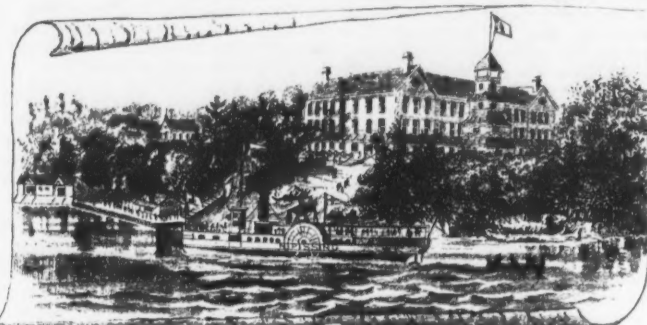
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It is appointed with every modern convenience and improvement. Electric lighting. Electric bell attached to every room. Perfect arrangements for comfort of guests.

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Forty Acres of Ground

Fishing - Boating - Tennis

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The management are determined to spare neither expense or pains to make this resort

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This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and is now open for the reception of guests. The table is plentifully supplied with all the season's delicacies, and the dining-room is famed for its splendid view of the lake. Nice sandy beach for bathing and daily mail, express and telegraph from all points. All inquiries receive prompt attention.

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This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and has accommodation for fifty guests.

Parties leaving Toronto in the morning arrive here about 5 p.m. There are good facilities for boating, bathing and fishing. Post office quarter mile distant.

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This popular and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the location is the most delightful in the Muskoka region. Still under the personal management of

ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

Rates on application.

## Strawberry Island

LAKE SIMCOE

This well known resort is now open for the season, and under a new and careful management has already been well patronized.

The beauties of the island and its surroundings, its advantages as a place to spend a holiday, are so famed over the Dominion that it seems needless to repeat them. Situated in Lake Simcoe, noted for its charming and restful scenery, Strawberry Island specially commends itself to the tired man of business, anxious to find a spot for quiet enjoyment and free from the proverbial bustle of the average watering-place.

The hotel is built on a bluff on the north-west shore, is well furnished, has all modern improvements and a bountiful supply of fresh water. There are also a number of cottages on the island already furnished and fitted up with all the necessities which go to make up a comfortable summer home for a family. Cottages may be rented by the month or by the season.

The grounds about the hotel are laid out in Tennis Courts, Lacrosse and Croquet grounds.

The gardens produce fruits and vegetables of all descriptions and keep the hotel constantly supplied.

The Bass fishing on the shoals near the Island is unexcelled. For years sportsmen from all parts of the continent have been attracted to Lake Simcoe by the fine fishing afforded. Salmon trout and other fish are very plentiful.

Special facilities in the way of tents, bedding, cooking utensils, etc., are provided for camping parties.

The bathing afforded by the cool and pure waters of Simcoe is one of the great attractions of the Resort.

Strawberry Island is easy of access from Toronto and other centers of population. Its own line of steamers run daily from Orillia at noon, on the arrival of the Toronto train. An hour's beautiful sail lands the passengers at the Island. Arrangements have been made whereby the Grand Trunk Railway will issue return tickets from Toronto to Orillia good from Friday till Monday at single fare. To accommodate guests who may leave Toronto on the afternoon (5 p.m.) train of Saturday the steamer leaves Orillia in the evening upon the arrival of this train, and again on Monday morning will leave Island in time to connect with the south bound morning train. A business man may thus have a pleasant holiday and lose no time from work.

Both the hotel and boats are under the management of experienced and obliging officials. Daily mails a feature.

For information and rates apply to—

JOHN KENNEDY, Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

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**Social and Personal.**

*Continued from Page Two.*

running between Vancouver and Yokohama. Dr. MacArthur, who is well known in social and professional circles in Toronto, left on Monday evening to join his ship, followed by the regrets and best wishes of numerous warm friends. The doctor obtained his professional education at Trinity Medical College, Toronto, receiving in 1889 the degree of M. B., and C. M. from the University of Trinity College, having previously obtained the degree of B. A. after a highly creditable course in the University of Toronto. Old Upper Canada College boys, with whom he is very popular, remember him as Prince of Wales prizeman in 1885, the year of his leaving for the University.

Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Col. J. Lane Nottor of Her Majesty's army medical staff, was in Toronto last week, and during his stay was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. William Griffith, 14 Washington avenue. Dr. Nottor expressed himself as much pleased at the immense growth and rapid progress, from a commercial point of view, which Toronto has made since he last visited the city in 1866. He left for England via New York on Thursday of last week.

Miss Mabel Bastedo, daughter of Mr. John Bastedo, won the Hamilton gold medal offered for competition for pianoforte playing among the pupils of the Toronto College of Music. Miss Bastedo is to be congratulated, considering that she is but sixteen years of age.

The following guests are booked at Hotel Louise, Lyne Park: Mr. and Mrs. James Hewlett and family, Mr. and Mrs. George H. S. Sisson and family, Mr. F. Roper, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee and family and nurse, Mrs. Eagen, Mr. E. Burke, Mr. Wm. Stone and family, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Jephcott and family, Miss Ritchie, Miss Kennedy, Mr. C. P. Miller, Mr. H. Shaw, Mr. Geo. Ritchie, Q.C., and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Symons and family.

Mr. A. F. Webster, passenger agent, has booked the following Torontonians to sail this week for Europe per Cunard Line: Rev. John Potts, D.D., Mrs. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. H. G. Cox, Mrs. W. A. and Miss E. Morrow, Mr. Wm. Mortimer Clark, Mr. Clark, Mr. E. Gordon Clark, Miss Clark, Miss Gordon Clark, J. Lugedlin, Mr. E. Baird Ryckman, Mr. E. C. McKenzie, Miss E. Johnston, Mr. H. R. Walker, Mr. C. J. Catto, Dr. Austin, Mr. W. Flavelle of Lindsay, Dr. Taylor, Dr. T. B. Richardson of San Francisco, Rev. Jao. Hunter, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, Miss R. Hunter and four children, Mr. E. Bowman, Mr. E. P. Wagner, Mr. L. Schomburg, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ingram, Mr. Wm. E. Good, and Mr. S. W. Matthews.

Mr. Chas. E. Burns, steamship and tourist agent, has booked the following to sail for Europe: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Opper, Miss Graham, Madam and Miss Florence Ireland, Mr. Rbt. F. Sweet, Baron W. Whitney, Rev. J. J. and Miss Gibson.

**Ottawa**

There is little if anything to write about these days. All or most of our society people are away enjoying the cool sea breeze or "doing" (to use a slang expression) the World's Fair. At all events, all those people that are fortunate enough to be able to get away are gone, and we that have to remain at home and endure the hot sun and the dust and din of the city envy them.

Hon. Messrs. Bowell and Daly and Mr. J. F. Wood spent the early part of the week in Belleville as guests of Mr. Harry Corby, the popular member for Hastings, and have had the pleasure of sailing about on the Bay of Quinte in Mr. Corby's pretty steam yacht Oresta, and returned to the capital well pleased with their little outing.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgwick went east on Monday night. The Judge will spend ten days or so on the Miramichi, salmon fishing, after which he will go on to Halifax. Mrs. Patterson, wife of the Minister of Militia, went to Kingston on Monday to attend, in company with the Minister, the closing proceedings of the Royal Military College.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg was in town during the week. He has just returned from England, where he has been in the interests of the Hudson Bay Railway, of which he is the president, and says he is confident of success in the money market.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh has returned from England and says he spent ten days very pleasantly in Paris, and judging from all that he could hear the outlook for the Canadian case in the Baring Sea arbitration is good.

Mr. Corran, M.P., was in town on his way to Dunnville and Mount Forest, on Monday. Sir John Thompson has consented to visit different constituencies in Western Ontario and address a number of meetings during August and September.

Mr. Col. Irwin is visiting in Toronto. Theodore Davis, Premier of British Columbia, and Mrs. Davis spent a few days this week in the city.

The Oldfellow's held their decoration day here on Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, accompanied by his two daughters, visited the camp of the Governor-General's Body Guard in Toronto last Saturday.

Mr. J. A. Spence, a tea grower, of Ceylon, is in the city. Mr. Spence lived in Ottawa twenty years ago.

Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat while he was in the city stayed with his sister, Mrs. Fraser.

Sir A. P. Caron, who has been ill in London for some days, was sufficiently recovered to sail for New York the latter part of last week.

The death of Mr. Toussaint Trudeau, late Deputy Minister of Railways, has cast a gloom over the whole city.

Mr. George Gordonham and Mr. Thomas G. Blackstock of Toronto were in the city in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Streetfield of London, England, are in the city. Mr. Streetfield is a brother of Capt. Streetfield, private secretary to Major-General Herbert.

Mr. E. L. Newcomb, Deputy Minister of Justice, and Mrs. Newcomb, left on Tuesday for

Liverpool, N. S., where Mrs. Newcomb will remain for the summer. Mr. Newcomb will return in about a week.

**Brantford.**

Captain J. S. Hamilton gave a very enjoyable party on Thursday evening of last week at his handsome residence, Halsley Park, in honor of his friend, Mr. J. D. Belfrage of London, Eng. Among those present were: Hon. A. S. Hardy, Sheriff Watt, Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, Dr. Digby, Rev. Dr. Cochran, Dr. R. Henwood, Dr. A. J. Henwood, Rev. R. Ashton, Dr. Secord, Rev. Mr. Lemon, Dr. Phillip, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Griffin, Col. Gilkinson, Col. Jones, Jos. Stratford, Dr. Harris, W. D. Jones, H. Leonard, C. M. Nelles, A. Robertson, H. McWilson, E. M. Shadbolt, W. F. Cockshutt, J. Hale, G. H. Wilkes, A. D. Hardy, Robert Henry, E. W. H. Van Allen, D. Reville, E. Henwood, A. H. Baird, J. Wickson, H. Stroud, F. Wiley, Wm. Roberts and Geo. Hope. Last Saturday afternoon the Tennis Club had a most enjoyable tea. It being the first bright afternoon, the members spent a thoroughly pleasant time. The hostesses were: Mrs. Harry Harris, Mrs. J. Francis Watt, Miss Smith and Miss Hosie.

Miss Ross and Miss De Long are home from Baltimore on a visit.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Creighton are attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. W. C. McCaul of Simcoe is the guest of Miss Hosie.

Miss Florence Bond, the accomplished guest of Miss Maud Whitlaw of Paris, returned to Montreal to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Nelles have taken a cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they will spend the summer.

Rev. W. F. Herridge, B.D., of Ottawa, occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church last Sabbath evening. Mr. Herridge preached to a crowded church and everyone was delighted with the clever discourse of this able young minister.

Mr. Chas. Wisner of Toronto is in the city this week. Charlie has just returned from Chicago and has seen wonderful sights.

Now that the Assembly has come to a close the city is again in solitude. I wish some of these pretty weddings would take place in the near future. Rumor tells me a sweet brunette on Brant avenue is about to become a charming bride. Is it true?

Mr. C. G. Marani of Toronto spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Miss Jessie Duff, a most beautiful and accomplished young lady from Guelph, and a graduate of last session, is attending the closing concert at the Ladies' College.

Every time I get off a street car I cannot help smiling to see the conductor running with a stool in his arms to place at the foot of the steps for the convenience of passengers. He generally manages to get there after everybody is off the car. How would it be, conductor, if you got a little more hustle on?

The canoe regatta which took place on Thursday evening of last week was a great success and presented a pretty appearance by moonlight.

Miss Hurd, a pupil of the Y.L.C., has returned to her home in Colorado.

Miss Tufford, daughter of Dr. D. Tufford, Market street, is visiting her sister in Chicago. Miss Tufford will be married while in Chicago.

Mrs. (Dr.) E. E. King went to Toronto this week. Mrs. King will return in a few days to attend the wedding of her cousin, Miss Lou Ott. The marriage will be private, owing to a recent death in the family.

**Pneumatic Tires in 1900.**

Man in Sulky (to bicyclist just ahead)—Beg pardon, young chap, but I guess you'll have to turn out. This is a narrow road, and I don't want to run over you.

Slender Youth (on bicycle)—Much obliged, but I think I can keep from being run over. Come on.

Man in Sulky (touching his animal with his whip)—All right, look out for yourself! This is Betsy Trotwell—record, 2.01!

Slender Youth (spurring)—Come right along. I'm George Gofast—record, 2.01!—Chicago Tribune.

**Snap Shots.**

Do not load yourself down with secrets. The world moves, but it can't run from under man.

Vain man would use the sky for his back-ground.

Young tailors take their stars by fits. The modern heiress carries her plantation on her head.

Success has always been the result of more or less sacrifice.

The sky is always bright, but sometimes we can't see it.

We might take a long stride on the line of civilization and turn the broad hats of the curly-headed young ladies over to the bald-headed men down in the parquet.—Dallas News.

**LATEST NOVELS**

**JOHN P. McKENNA'S**

**Barbara Dering**

**Two Loyal Lovers**

**Hunting Girl**

**Fate of Fenella**

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**Can you Tell a Diamond?**

When you see it? Do you understand its good points such as quality, color, shape, freedom from flaws, the just proportion of facet, crown and table?

Remember there are diamonds and diamonds just as there are pavements and pavements—some dear at any price, others cheap anywhere within reason.

In dealing with us remember three things. 1st.—We carry the largest stock of diamonds in the city, consequently we get the SELECTION.

2nd.—We select personally from the cutters in Amsterdam, consequently you get the VALUE.

3rd.—We guarantee every stone as represented, consequently you have the SAFETY.

**Ryrie Bros.**

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide

We've just added to our staff an expert optician, so if you feel your eyesight is not perfect consult him—it's free. You only pay for the glasses if you require them.



**Society Stationery**

The latest in fashionable writing papers are tinted papers; and the fashionable notes just now are pale green, heliotrope and azure. For those who prefer the plain white we recommend the Pure Fax lines (rough or smooth).

For hot weather correspondence we have correspondence cards in dainty boxes with envelopes to match, in cream, pale blue and pale pink.

Samples and quotations sent to any address out of town on application.

**JAS. BAIN & SON, Fine Stationers**

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**Institute of Dermatology and Physical Culture**

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West of Sick Children's Hospital, where the ladies may receive all the attendance they require, from the crown of the head to the tips of their little toes.

Collage street cars stop at our door. Call and see how well fitted we are for business.

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IN USE FOR FACIAL TREATMENTS.

The ladies are all exclaiming on the wonderful results it accomplishes. We also cure the worst cases of Skin Diseases, remove Superficial moles, freckles, etc., by Electrolysis, while an expert chiropodist attends to your Corns, Bunions, etc.

Send for circular. R-member the address—31 Avenue Street (College Street).

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**HOUSE FOR SALE**

That magnificent New Residence, No. 170 Inabella Street, N. W. cor. Sherbourne

The very best investment you can make in this world is to secure and provide a perfect home for yourself and family, even if some economy is made in other matters; this is a pretty bold statement, but will stand the test of close reasoning. This perfect home is here for you at a fair price and on liberal terms. You won't find a handsomer, cheaper, better built, or more complete residence in this big and growing metropolis. Think of it carefully, examine and inspect it, and, if favorably impressed, there is a fair chance you can come to a mutually pleasant and satisfactory agreement. Apply to

**A. WILLIS, 1 Toronto Street, cor. King.**



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**PERFECT TITLE**

**All Objections Removed by the Court**

**SALE COMPLETED**

Premises must be vacated on the first day of March next. The whole of our present stock, together with all new goods arriving,

**Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry**  
**Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes**  
**Spectacles, Opera Glasses**  
**French Bisque, French Goods, &c.**

must positively be sold before that date. We are now offering immense reductions in every line. It will be to the advantage of all intending purchasers to visit our establishment before buying, as the whole stock must be cleared out regardless of cost

**Come and See How Much You Can Save by Purchasing at This Grand Clearing Sale**

**KENT BROS.** Manufacturing Jewelers and Importers

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The "Beverages" were a side line last year. This year I will make them a specialty. Better premises give better facilities.

Mr. W. T. ATKINSON, an English chemist of many years' experience, has full charge of the laboratory, including fruit syrups, flavors and mineral water solutions.

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My desire is to give the purchasing public the very best goods in the town. Towards this end all our efforts and energy will be directed.

Respectfully,

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With conversational fluency, WITHIN THE LIMIT OF 800 WORDS

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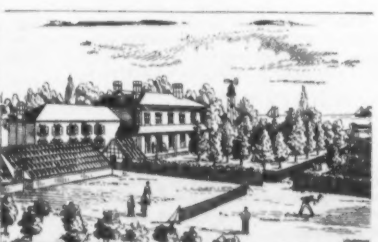
By Prof. ETIENNE LAMBERT, of New York

**MONDAY, JUNE 19, at 3 p.m.**

**To My Patrons and the Public generally:**

Having just received a large consignment of light summer goods for the coming warm weather suitable for Tennis and Boating, would ask your inspection, as they are undoubtedly the finest assortment of these goods ever imported to this country. An early call will give you first choice.

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Here and Here Alone are Your  
Interests in Safe Keeping

No one would think of going to a blacksmith shop to buy shoes, yet many will entrust their feet to inexperienced hands with the result that they go around in loose, baggy shoes that "wobble" at the ankles and lead to strong expressions and Sunday street cars.

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AND  
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**McPHERSON**  
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Mail orders filled. Open Saturday nights.

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New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Harve. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

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Some of the new shapes and all new decorations, of which we have the exclusive sale.

**TABLE GLASSWARE**  
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
CARMAN—June 9, Mrs. W. M. Carman—a son.  
DIGNUM—June 15, Mrs. John A. Dignum—a son.  
IRWIN—June 21, Mrs. H. Irwin—a son.  
SYMINGTON—June 18, Mrs. T. Symington—a son.  
REID—June 18, Mrs. Thos. Reid—a daughter.  
BALDWIN—June 24, Mrs. E. Elliot Baldwin—a daughter (stillborn).  
HUME—June 25, Mrs. J. G. Hume—a son.  
KAPPEL—June 25, Mrs. George Kappel—a son.  
DENISON—June 20, Mrs. Evelyn Denison—a daughter.  
CARRUTHERS—June 20, Mrs. A. Carruthers—a daughter.  
MANLEY—June 27, Mrs. Fred F. Manley—a son.

**Marriages.**  
McGUGAN—SLEEMIN—On June 21, by Rev. John Pellip, J. C. McGugan of Cedar Springs to Lillie Sleemin of Toronto.  
KERR—STOBBS—At 8 Stinson street, Hamilton, on June 25, Charles W. Kerr to Maude Stobbs.  
HOLMAN—HAIGH—June 25, Charles J. Holman to Carrie Haigh.  
CORLEY—SMITH—June 27, Seymour Corley to Clara Lullie Smith.  
LAKER—STEWART—June 27, Rev. E. C. Laker to Libbie Stewart.  
TRAUB—PEARSON—June 28, Dr. J. Emil Traub to Edith Pearson.  
BAUCKHAM—BUNTER—June 28, Fred Bauckham to Maggie Bunter.  
CHILMAN—GREY—June 27, Saefred Chilman to Louis Marie Grey.  
NEWSOM—STRONG—June 28, William L. Newsom to Florence E. Strong.  
BROWNE—HUBBELL—June 28, W. Bernard Browne to Bertha L. Hubbell.  
DAVIS—SMITH—June 28, T. E. Davis to Nellie Smith.  
MORTON—OTTER—June 27, Edward Lyall Morton to Agnes A. Otter.  
LAND—LEADLEY—June 28, Frank Herbert Land to Gertrude Leadley.  
LILLIE—HUBBARD—June 28, Edwood Lillie to Ida C. Hubbard.  
NEEVE—LAWRENCE—June 28, Richard C. Neeve to E. J. Lawrence.  
FORSTER—IRISH—June 22, George S. Forster to Effie Irish.  
MILLAR—DOWNEY—June 22, Rowland J. Millar to Sara L. Downey.  
SMITH—IRVINE—June 21, George Smith to Emily Irvine.  
STER—HARDY—June 22, Edmund Ster to Ethel Hardy.  
MACMAHON—CUMMINGS—June 20, John MacMahon to Ethel Cummings.  
BURY—O'HARA—June 20, George Bury to Gertrude O'Hara.  
SANDERSON—CAMPBELL—June 22, Rev. W. Sanderson to Ella Campbell.

**Deaths.**  
GIBBS—June 26, Lavinia Hood Gibbs, aged 81.  
BENJAMIN—June 25, David Benjamin, aged 76.  
MACAN—June 25, Henry E. Macan, aged 59.  
SKYNNER—June 26, Mary Skynner, aged 80.  
LESLIE—June 24, George Leslie, aged 80.  
BROWN—June 24, Alexander Brown, aged 80.  
GOULDING—June 23, George Goulding, aged 77.  
HORSLEY—June 22, Samuel Horsley, aged 68.  
DEVILIN—June 24, Hugh Devlin, aged 57.  
MOORE—June 22, Ellen Harrie Moore, aged 69.  
CRAWFORD—June 22, Dr. G. G. Crawford, aged 83.  
LOVEKIN—June 22, J. P. Lovekin, aged 75.

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**HEINTZMAN CO.**  
**PIANO**

When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

**HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO**

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

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LION



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SHOE  
STOCKS

- - LADIES' SHOES - -

SPECIALLY  
SELECTED  
SUPERIOR  
STYLES

Ladies' French Dongola Strap Shoe, wooden heels, \$2.50  
With beaded front and strap, \$2.75

Undressed Kid Tan Strap Shoes, French heels, \$2.75

Cleopatra Slippers, very latest, French heels, \$3.00

Blucher Cut Balmorals, California, Philadelphia and Opera toes, latest American lasts, \$4 and \$5

Misses Dongola Button Boots, Rochester latest styles, toe caps, \$2.75

Misses Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes, cloth tops, \$2.25

Misses French Dongola Oxfords, latest model last, Philadelphia toe, widths A, B, C, D and E, \$2—Children's do., \$1.75

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A FASHIONABLE BAG.

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THE  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
"SUMMER TOURS"  
MAY BE HAD  
**FREE**

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**TORONTO TICKET OFFICE**  
**1 KING ST. EAST.**  
COR. YONGE STREET.

**ALASKA**—The Ss. Islander leaves Vancouver for the Florida in the North-east Pacific on July 27.

**JUDGE AND JURY**  
OF THE

Supreme Court of New York City

A few days ago rendered a decision to the effect that

**RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER**

Was all it is represented to be as the greatest remedy of this modern age, and that while it was a truly wonderful curative, yet it proved harmless to the users of it, and contained no poisonous drugs of any kind.

Sick People Owe a Duty to Themselves

Do not stand idle any longer waiting for nauseous Drugs to relieve you; do not lose further time, at the expense of your life perhaps, in waiting for some expert to experimentally find out the cause of your trouble.

Obtain our pamphlet and a jar of Microbe Killer from your nearest Druggist (or direct from Headquarters, if he does not keep it) and start in to use it at once.

No other Medicine has ever been endorsed as this one has.

For Sale at All Chemists Generally  
Or at **ARCHDALE WILSON & CO.'S**  
Specific advice furnished free from Main Office to all applicants.

**Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co.**  
(LIMITED.)  
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**STERLING SOAP.**

**Best and goes farthest.**

Manufactured By  
**WM. LOGAN,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

During  
the Summer

FOSTER  
&  
PENDER

We do not expect to do a large business. It's purely an exhibition season with us, during which we expect to win the future favor of visitors who have the time to see our summer display of Carpets, Lace Curtains, Silk Draping Materials, Matting and Rugs. Our great Carpet show, the largest in Toronto, covering over 5,000 square feet of polished floor space, is on the ground floor on level with street entrance, and besides being most accessible it is bright and cool and attractive with choice goods, and it affords us a pleasure to show them.

TORONTO'S  
NEW CARPET HOUSE  
14 & 16 KING ST. EAST

Foster & Pender



THE **OXFORD**  
GAS RANGES

The latest production of the great SCHNEIDER & TRINKAMP Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, the largest and most successful manufacturers in the world of Gas Stoves and Ranges.

See This Range Before Spending Your Money

It is the only PERFECT WATER HEATER known. Will heat water faster than a coal range. All burners are operated with steel needle valves, which produce sharp blue flames.

The body is made of heavy cold rolled sheet steel, asbestos lined.

The front and top are beautifully carved heavy, smooth castings, with nickel plate medallion and tile panels.

Send for price list and get our record of Water Heater.

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*Corticelli*

Silk and Twist imparts a finish to a garment not to be attained by any other means. It has an evenness, strength and lustre peculiarly its own.

Try it once and you will use no other.



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ARE THE CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL OILS OF CANADA

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